

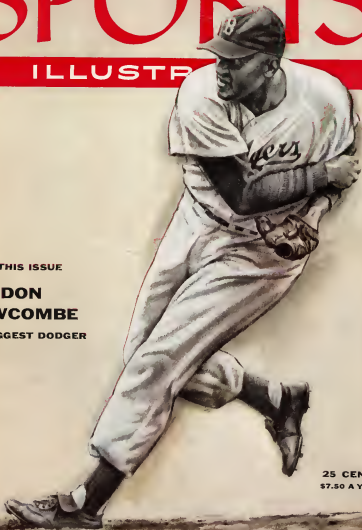
AUGUST 22, 1955

SPORTS

ILLUSTRATION

IN THIS ISSUE

**DON
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

BEFORE Time Inc.'s Washington Bureau chief, James R. Shepley, returned from Europe where he was an observer at the Meeting at the Summit, he visited some of his many close friends in the armed forces now stationed at various places on the Continent. And when I saw him a few days ago, Shepley spoke of one impression he received which naturally struck me most happily.



TUNE INC.'S JAMES SHERLEY



TIME INC.'S JAMES SHEPLEY

"SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," he said, "has a whale of an enthusiastic audience among the officers and troops in Europe. It seems to be the magazine which brings them right back home. It represents a part of their lives which they think of with real affection. And whenever the conversation went to magazines, the big subject was SPORTS ILLUSTRATED."

This was good to hear from a trained, if not entirely disinterested observer, and it served to confirm feelings we've had about the warm response SI has received from servicemen everywhere since its very beginning. Many of you have doubtless seen their letters from time to time in *The 19th Hour*.

From Alaska, SFC Robert Winter wrote us: "Congratulations on your wonderful magazine; it's the most popular thing of its kind in the outfit."

From the *USS Wasp*: "SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is tops with us on the ship."

From Eniwetok, you may recall, five uniformed golfers asked for help when they got into some arguments and wagers on whether a par-six hole exists on any course in the U.S. "We have agreed that your answer will determine who is right and who is wrong; so please don't fail us. We love your magazine and anticipate each issue with avid interest." With encouragement like that, SI could hardly fail; it was a pleasure to get the word back to Eniwetok. The answer, duly recorded in our June 20 issue, was yes, several par sixes, and even a par seven.

In a world where some curtains are iron and bamboo and a Meeting at the Summit may make or break the future, perhaps a letter from Lt. Col. Joseph C. Rively in Germany sums up best one of the things everyone here hopes will happen when SI goes ahead: "As one of your charter subscribers, I want to express my satisfaction with SI. I presume that SI is enjoying as much success elsewhere as it is in Europe. It is a great aid to all American ambassadors of good will and good sports on the international scene, as well as a positive adjunct to free peoples' crucial struggle for men's minds."

Harry Phillips

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Brooklyn's towering and sometimes truculent pitcher relaxes and talks to ROBERT CREAMER on his checkered career, the good and bad things that have happened in his life, and why he sometimes explodes in those famous temper tantrums

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That intrepid peregrinator HORACE SUTTON turns up in the lovely and unspoiled isles of the Aegean and finds them historic and beautiful beyond compare. With four pages IN COLOR

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 52 **Yesterday:** Eclipse, direct ancestor of many of today's finest thoroughbreds, was the greatest competitor of his age

**COVER:** DON NEWCOMBE

Drawing by Robert Riger

Robert Riger's splendid drawing of Don Newcombe of the Brooklyn Dodgers catches the huge right-hander at the very end of the overwhelming delivery that has brought him 18 victories this year as against only three defeats. This remarkable record is a fulfillment of prophecies made six years ago when he broke into the majors: that here was the new Dixie Dean, the new Paul Bunyan of pitching. Between promise and fulfillment, however, lay frustration. This week, in another SI CONVERSATION PIECE (page 28), Newcombe talks about his strange and almost legendary career.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE**DAVIS CUP PREVIEW**

Australia's Prime Minister ROBERT GORDON MENZIES on tennis' growth; Captain WILLIAM F. TALBERT on the players; WHITNEY TOWER with a CONVERSATION PIECE on Tony Trabert; and four pages of Forest Hills IN COLOR

MR. SMITH MEETS THE PRESIDENT

When Ike recently went fishing in New England, EDMUND WARE SMITH was among those invited to meet and break bread with him. A charming story by one eminent sportsman about another

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Lenie de Nijis**, Dutch girl swimmer, cracked world one-mile free-style standard with time of 22:05.5. Old record: 22:51.6 by Australia's Judy Davies. ● **Betsy Molien** of Washington's Walter Reed Swim Club nipped Teammate Mary Jane Sears and Shelley Mann by inches, bettered listed world mark for 100-meter butterfly with 1:15.0 in Women's National AAU Swimming and Diving Championships at Philadelphia. Old mark: 1:16.6 by East Germany's Jutta Langerhaus. (The Netherlands' A. Boring has 1:13.8 set for recognition.) ● **Louie Suta Jr.**, hot Miami motorboater, shattered world five-mile

competition mark for seven-liter division with 80.699 mph run at Buffalo, N.Y. ● **Enoch Walker**, Hampton, Va., 25-o competitor in Buffalo regatta, topped World Class E series runabout record for five-mile competition with speed of 32.972 mph. ● **Lars Hindmar** of Sweden set world record for five-mile walk with clocking of 35 minutes flat. Old mark: 35:15 by England's R. Hardy. ● **Vladimir Stager**, 23-year-old Soviet strongman, pressed, snatched and jerked for 425 kilograms total (716.5 pounds) to set world bantamweight mark at Warsaw Youth Festival. Old mark: 659 pounds by Iran's M. Namjou.

FOOTBALL

College All-Stars, paired by Quarterback **Ralph Knefel**'s passing, Halfback **L. G. Dupre**'s running and **Tad Weed**'s kicking, caught Cleveland Browns' National Football League champions, by surprise, served up stunning 30-27 upset before 73,600 howling fans at Chicago.

San Francisco 49ers, with Joe Perry and **John Henry Johnson** supplying punch, rolled up 60-14 triumph over inept Pittsburgh Steelers in exhibition before 23,486 at Sacramento.

Tabin Rote, Green Bay quarterback, hit Gary Knefel with 23-yard pass in last 45 seconds to give Packers 31-24 win over New York Giants in exhibition at Spokane.

Philadelphia Eagles, led by Quarterback **Adrian Burk**, opened exhibition with 21-6 win over Baltimore Colts at Hershey, Pa.

BASEBALL

Cleveland Indians, on warpath, jumped from third place to first in American League pennant race by sweeping Detroit Tigers 4-2, 6-4, 3-1, and taking three out of four from hapless Kansas City A's. Veterans **Ralph Kiner** and **Host Evers** came through in big style against Detroit, Kiner grand-slaming in ninth inning of second game, Evers poking 3-run homer in third game. **Boston Red Sox**, behind pitching of **Willard Nixon** and wizardous fielding of **Jimmy Piersall**, won first game of Yankee series, 4-1, but New York snapped back thanks to fine hurling by **Don Larsen** (3-0 since recall) and **Bob Turley**. Yanks then took double-header from Baltimore as **Hank Bauer** went five for 11, including two homers. **Chicago White Sox** took two of three from A's, turned around to do same to Tigers. Lefty **Billy Pierce** beat Detroit, 5-4, for first time in two years.

Jim Konstanty, long-time relief star, was optioned by Yanks to Richmond of International League.

Brooklyn Dodgers, needing only 24 wins in remaining 40 games to clinch National League flag on their own, dropped 1-0 blood-letter to Cubs as Don Newcombe lost first of two games in week, came back to trip Giants twice, 3-2, 5-4, then split double bill with **Philis** as **Carl Furillo**, always a late season hitter, came to life with six for 10, including a pair of homers. **St. Louis Cardinals** took three out of four from Milwaukee, including series final one-hit shutout by **Willard Schmidt**. Cards, playing best ball of week in league, won two of three games from Cincinnati despite 4th and 4th homers by Redlegs' **Ted Kuszewski**

In finale, Chicago played so-so ball, but big Cub news was home-run hitting of **Ernie Banks** who hit number 39 to tie major league standard for shortstops set by Vern Stephens with Red Sox in 1949.

Career data: **Ted Williams** of Boston collected hit number 2,000; **Stan Musial** of St. Louis poked extra-base hit number 1,000. **Del Ennis** of Philadelphia batted in run number 1,000.

SWIMMING

Carin Cone of Ridgewood, N.J., and **Carolyn Green** of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Swimming Association each took two titles in Women's National AAU Swimming and Diving Championships at Philadelphia. Miss Cone won 100- and 200-meter backstrokes; Miss Green captured 800- and 1,600-meter freestyles. **Marie Gillett** and **Mary Jane Sears** of Washington's Walter Reed Swim Club both set American long-course records: Miss Gillett with 6:01.5 in 400-meter individual medley, Miss Sears with 3:01.4 in 200-meter breaststroke. Other winners: **Wanda Werner**, Walter Reed, 100-meter freestyle; **Dougie Gray**, Walter Reed, 400-meter freestyle; **Pat McComick**, Los Angeles A.C., one- and three-meter dives; **Jane Staver Irwin**, Pasadena, Calif. A.C., platform dive; **Walter Reed**, team title, with 109 points.

BOXING

Carmen Basilio, hatchet-faced, bandy-legged World Welterweight Champion from Syracuse, flailed away at back-pedaling Italo Scottichini, took nontitle bout at New York's Madison Square Garden.

Bobo Olson, middleweight champion making first start since suffering KO at hands of Light Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore, took unanimous 10-rounder from Jimmy Martinez at Portland, Ore.

Virgil Alina, plodding St. Louis welter with supposed bang-bang punch, caught plenty of bang-bangs from Cuba's shifty Isaac Lopez, yet won surprising split decision in 10-rounder at New York. Crowd boomed, Lopez's manager screamed: "I ask the commissioner to see the scorecards, and he won't show them to me."

TENNIS

Ham Richardson of Baton Rouge, La., drubbed **Herbie Flam** of Beverly Hills, Calif. 6-4, 6-2, 6-3, won Newport, R.I. Invitation title for second straight year. Richardson and **Vir Seixas** took doubles title with 3-6, 6-1, 6-4 win over Japan's Kosei Kamo and Atsushi Miyagi.

Australia won right to meet U.S. for Davis Cup by beating Italy in interspersed final. In other international play, U.S.

women beat Britain for Wightman Cup.

HORSE RACING

Supple, Hal Price Hadley's 3-year-old chestnut filly, took lead in stretch, beat off last-minute challenge by favored **Guard Rail**, won six-furlong \$56,880 Princess Pat Stakes by 3/4 length at Washington Park, Homewood, Ill. Gloated **Willie Hartack**, jockey up on 18 1/2 length. "When the starter said 'Go'—I went."

D. & H. Stable's 2-year-old colt, **Needles**, came on fast, secured two-length victory in \$17,850 Sapping Stakes at Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.

Jet Action, Main Chance Farm's 4-year-old, lived up to former promise, won easy victory in \$28,600 Olympic Handicap at Atlantic City, N.J.

Blue Chole, 4-year-old Irish import at home on turf, captured \$25,550 Grassland Handicap at Washington Park.

Christiana Stables' Thinking Cap, 11/2 length in field of five, sloped way through mud, took 86th running of \$28,200 Travers Stakes at Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Polly's Jet, 3-year-old chestnut colt ridden by **Eddie Arango**, took command after 1/2 mile, won \$15,250 Saratoga Special Stakes winner take all, by 1 1/2 lengths at Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

SOAP BOX RACING

Dick Roker, 6-foot-1, 14-year-old from Rochester, N.Y., won 18th Annual Soap Box Derby before crowd of 50,000 at Akron, Ohio.

GOLF

Julius Horas, 200-pound pro from Southern Pines, N.C., came on strong and lucky to win George May's 40th-anniversary "World Championship" at Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Niles, Ill. **Boros**, 1952 World winner, fired 7-under-par 281 for 72 holes, 460 strokes ahead of Freddie Haas. Big break came on 23-yard 50th hole when he shot bounced off crowd onto green. Payoff: \$50,000 each, all-expense paid exhibition contract of 55 matches at \$1,000 each, plus option for 30 more.

Patsy Berg of Minneapolis hit \$5,000 jackpot at Tam O'Shanter as she won third straight World women's title with 72-hole total of 298, one ahead of Mary Lena Faulk.

SOCCER

Moscow Dynamo, favoring before 80,000 fellow Muscovites, edged England's Wolverhampton Wanderers 3-2. At postgame dinner, peace-loving victors presented victors with cameras and painted cigarette boxes. Wily Wanderers reciprocated, got in

plug for home town with gifts of Wolverhampton glassware.

TRACK & FIELD

Brian Hewson, stringbean Royal Air Force bombardier, slipped Hungary's Lajos Stenigali by step, equaled listed world record for half mile by clocking 1:48.6 in British-Hungarian meet before 32,000 at White City Stadium, London. Hungary's Laszlo Tabari crossed up London crowd expecting all-out assault on world mile mark, concentrated on tactics instead of time, noted out Countryman Sandor Hartos by inches, was clocked in now modest 4:05. Chris Chataway of Britain finished third. Tabari also won three-mile race in dual meet by overwhelming Chataway in stretch. Both were clocked in 13:44.6.

SAILING

Carina, yawl owned by New York businessman Richard S. Nye, took Fastnet Rock Challenge Race with corrected time of 81 hours 41 minutes and 32 seconds. U.S. won British-American Cup contests for yachts of Six-Meter International class, four victories to none, at Cowes.

Harry Allen of Lake Quannapung, Conn. carried off National Snipe Sailing Championship in regatta at Lake Allatoona, Ga.

HARNESS RACING

Adios Boy, 6-1 outsider driven by Howard Camden, scored six-length victory in final of \$67,000 Roosevelt Raceway Pacing Tournament at Westbury, N.Y. Adios Harry, 1-2 favorite driven by Luther Lyons, disappointed bettors by breaking stride on backstretch.

ARCHERY

Joe Fries of Los Angeles, runner-up last year, shot way to men's target championship in National Archery Association's target competition at Oxford, Ohio. Mrs. Ann Clark of Cincinnati, 4-foot-11, 96-pounder competing nationally for first time, won women's target title. Ann Marston of Wyandotte, Mich. captured Hersford Round for women and juniors. Cleveland Archery Club members took men's and women's team titles in five-day meet that saw 49 records fall.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—Bill Yukovich, auto racing champion killed in Indianapolis "500" last Memorial Day, by establishment of memorial scholarship fund at Fresno State College at Fresno, Calif.

MONUMENT—Chet Smith, 56, Pittsburgh Press sports editor, by election to presidency of Football Writers Association of America; at Chicago, Ill.

INVOKED—Mel Queen, 37, onetime major league pitcher released in spring by Hollywood Stars, on grounds that wife Goldie made him so jittery he couldn't get ball over plate at Long Beach, Calif.

DIED—Joseph Pipal, 75, former football coach at Oregon State and Occidental College, of heart attack; at Los Angeles. Pipal was credited with devising lateral pass and mud drills for football shoes.

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL (Week Ending August 14)

AMERICAN LEAGUE				NATIONAL LEAGUE			
1. Cleveland W 6, 1-1 Series 10-6 Pct. 623	Detroit 4-3, 6-4 3-1, 3-7	Kansas City 17-1, 6-5 5-3, 3-7	2. Brooklyn W 3, 1-2 Series 77-37 Pct. 675	Chicago 0-1	New York 3-2, 5-4	Philadelphia 2-3, 5-4	
3. New York W 4, 1-1 Series 95-46 Pct. 690	Boston 1-4, 3-2 5-3	Baltimore F-2, 30-6	3. Milwaukee W 3, 1-2 Series 63-54 Pct. 536	St. Louis 1-7, 0-4	Chicago 1-7, 4-3 4-3		
4. Chicago W 4, 1-2 Series 63-45 Pct. 585	Kansas City 1-4, 4-5 14-5	Detroit 3-1, 6-9 5-4	3. New York W 3, 1-2 Series 11-45 Pct. 526	Brooklyn 3-2, 6-5	Pittsburgh 4-2, 3-1		
4. Boston W 3, 1-2 Series 66-49 Pct. 574	New York 4-1, 2-3 3-5	Washington 5-16, 6-6 3-1	4. Philadelphia W 2, 1-2 Series 35-60 Pct. 496	Pittsburgh 6-1, 2-3	Brooklyn 3-2, 4-5		
5. Detroit W 3, 1-5 Series 60-55 Pct. 570	Cleveland 1-2, 4-6 1-3	Chicago 1-2, 6-8 4-5	5. Chicago W 2, 1-2 Series 56-63 Pct. 479	Brooklyn 3-0	Cincinnati 4-3, 2-7 3-8, 5-6	Memphis 1-2, 5-4 3-4	
6. Kansas City W 2, 1-2 Series 46-59 Pct. 410	Chicago 1-4, 5-4 1-14	Cleveland 1-17, 5-6 3-3, 7-3	6. Cincinnati W 4, 1-3 Series 41-47 Pct. 475	Chicago 3-4, 7-2 6-3, 5-5	St. Louis 3-6, 5-4 4-5		
7. Washington W 2, 1-2 Series 43-72 Pct. 363	Baltimore 1-1, 6-3 16-9, 6-5	Boston 1-7 1-7	7. St. Louis W 5, 1-2 Series 31-62 Pct. 451	Memphis 2-6, 7-3 7-1, 4-0	Cincinnati 6-7, 4-5 3-4		
8. Baltimore W 1, 1-3 Series 36-75 Pct. 324	Washington 1-6, 3-1	New York 2-7, 9-20	8. Pittsburgh W 1, 1-3 Series 42-75 Pct. 364	Philadelphia 1-5, 3-3	New York 2-4, 1-3		
INDIVIDUAL LEADERS				INDIVIDUAL LEADERS			
Batting—Al Kaline, Detroit, .348				Batting—Eddie Mathews, Philadelphia, .333			
Runs batted in—Jackie Jensen, Boston, 90				Runs batted in—Duke Snider, Brooklyn, 109			
Home runs—Mickey Vernon, New York, 27				Home runs—Ted Kluszewski, Cincinnati, 41			
RBI—Mickey Vernon, New York, 44				RBI—Dick Mason, Brooklyn, 32.3			



JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX

The Questions

**Why are you renewing your
subscription to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED?**

THEODORE R. McKELDIN

Governor of Maryland



"Because of my love of sports in general SI gives excellent coverage, and it views all sports. I'm a charter subscriber and feel like one of the family. I can't envision any charter member deserting this great family. Your articles are written by sportswriters with the literary touch. From a good start, it has constantly improved."

FRANK STARR, New York

Dress manufacturer



"Because I like SI for its completely new approach to sports. Even though some of the sports are past history, SI's approach is so interesting that I read it avidly. I had some doubt about this, but no more. Having been in fashion all my life, I find the fashions included in SI well done and mighty interesting."

GEORGE C. MARSHALL, Leesburg, Va.

General of the Army



"Because I find SI both interesting and rather unique. That explains it. SI covers a wide range of sports and is radically different from all other sports magazines I've seen. I'm happy to have been a charter subscriber."

HOPE HAMPTON, Southampton

Actress and singer



"Because SI has brightened my life a bit. I've wondered why men run away from their wives or sweethearts to see a sports event or engage in sports. Now I know. I get the same feeling of excitement from reading your articles and looking at the beautiful color pictures that men must get from active sports participation."

HAL ROACH, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Motion picture producer



"Because I like sports and am interested in all phases of athletics. SI gives them the most complete coverage. It's the only magazine that does. The articles are written for intelligent men and women, some of whom are not conversant with the phraseology of newspaper sports pages."

GUY LOMBARD, Freeport, N.Y.

Orchestra leader



"Because SI is well written, informative and interesting. It is a magazine that covers the widest possible range of sports interest, both spectators and participant. Most of my friends also read SI. To be an interested part of their conversation, I have to be well informed on most sports."

WILLIAM HARRIDGE, Chicago

President,
American League



"I'm renewing my subscription because SI is a great sports magazine, which I enjoy reading because it covers all sports as interesting as it does my first love, baseball. SI keeps sports up to date. It makes sports that happened yesterday live today. That's some feat. Few experts thought it could be done."

NAT FLEISCHER, New York

Editor of
The Ring magazine



"SI has not let me down. It has not deviated from its original format of presenting all the sports. For one earning his living as the editor of a boxing magazine, this is great relaxation. SI is for those who follow all sports avidly in addition to others who like sports but don't have time to read the sports pages of newspapers."

JOHN P. CARMICHAEL

Sports Editor
Chicago Daily News



"Mainly because of exceptional coverage of baseball and the superlative photography. I feel that some sports, of little interest to avid fans of big spectator sports, could be left out and more space devoted to the big sports that interest the majority and with which they're conversant. Some of my colleagues disagree with me."

JAMES HAGERTY, Washington, D.C.
Press secretary to
President Eisenhower



"I find SI extremely interesting. Busy as I am in the life I lead one week in Washington, a day in New York, a week in Geneva SI keeps me up on sports I'd otherwise miss. I particularly like the articles on current sports events and the epic events of the past. I know that the President looks the magazine over."

JACK CUNNINGHAM, New York
Advertising executive



"Because it's a terrific magazine, SI has now earned a permanent place for itself among the magazines of America within one year because of an editorial policy that is individual, provocative and distinctive. Women like it, too. My wife was never too interested in sports but through SI, is becoming interested in all sports."

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Co-owner
"21" Restaurant



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Brown University



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"First, because SI is the only place where you can get a real summary of everything going on in the world of sports. Second, because of the interesting features and articles about specific sports events that you can't find anywhere else. Third, because of the excellent articles and pictures on sports attire."

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Prepared by LIFE Olympic Office

EVENTS &
DISCOVERIES

The serene Dodger • Supernovae among the All-Stars •
Softballer a soft touch • The price for fame • Submarine
adventurer • Helfand's big punch • Horse fun at Saratoga

ALSTON IN CLOUDLAND

NOBODY, but nobody, was in a more natural position to enjoy the broiling American League pennant race than Walter Alston, the quiet fellow who manages the Brooklyn Dodgers.

If the Cleveland Indians, Chicago White Sox, New York Yankees and Boston Red Sox utterly exhaust themselves in the next six weeks, Alston will not even have to look regretful. With his Brooklyn Dodgers perched on an Olympian cloud, 16 or so games ahead of any National League rival, Alston even had time to enjoy some American League baseball on TV. Ted Williams of the Red Sox? Alston thought he seemed a bit "nervous." Casey Stengel's fireballing right-hander Bob Turley? "Wild," among other things.

Floating 16 games in front last week, Alston ordered out his World Series scouts. Mission: to study all four American League scramblers until the end of the season or until one beats all the rest—which ever is sooner.

UNSUNG WARRIORS

THE wonderful football game which the College All-Stars won (30-27) from the awesome Cleveland Browns (see page 41) dramatized one inescapable aspect of the annual All-America selections: some mighty effective talent gets overlooked.

Not that some of 1955's All-Americans failed to cover themselves with glory in the big game at Chicago's Soldier Field; Notre Dame's Ralph

Guglielmi, for instance, played all four quarters at offensive quarterback and definitely outshone his professional rival, George Ratterman. But none of the men who scored touchdowns in the All-Stars' first victory since 1950—Henry Hair of Georgia Tech, Frank Eidom of Southern Methodist and Mel Triplett of Toledo—got any All-America mention at all last year.

Neither did Baylor's L. G. (Long Gone) Dupre, who disproved that old axiom "you can't run against the pros" by sifting through their defense all night almost at will. Neither did Marquette's Ron Drzewiecki who executed a dazzling 48-yard kickoff return in

the first quarter. Neither did Penn State's outsized tackle, Roosevelt Grier—by all odds the most effective lineman on the field. Neither did Ohio State's amazing little (139 lbs.) place-kicker Tad Weed, who booted three field goals (one for 34 yards) and two conversions to account for 11 of his team's points. A startlingly long list—and one which might set a football fan groping for some hard, fast, solidly based fact on which to cling as college press agents begin composing their odes to the 1955 season. Well, sir—neither Harvard, Princeton nor Yale, the fortresses of Walter Camp's old

continued on next page

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Ted Williams tapped a blooper into the Yankees' left center with the shift on and thereby became the 96th ballplayer to hit safely 2,000 times in the major leagues. Williams' reaction: "The cheapest hit I've made all year."

Notre Dame's Ralph Guglielmi, picked as Most Valuable Player in leading the College All-Stars to victory over the Cleveland Browns, earned it by playing the full game on offense, completing 10 of 18 passes for 128 yards.

Chris Chastaway trailed two Hungarian millers by 20 yards in the British-Hungarian track meet, explained that "three-miling has taken the edge off my speed." Next day he lost the three-mile race by two yards to László Tabari, one of those who had beaten him in the mile.

The Le Mans tragedy still echoes. Mexico canceled the 1955 Pan-American road race

scheduled for December until "safety precautions for spectators can be worked out." In five years of this longest (1,908 miles) of road classics 12 drivers and 10 spectators were killed.

Tony Trabert paired with Vic Seixas in the national doubles championships at Longwood this week—a test for the lame shoulder which has clouded U.S. Davis Cup hopes.

Swags, 45th among alltime money winners, will pass 20 or more of these elite if he wins the \$100,000-added American Derby over the Washington Park grass course Aug. 29, his first try on turf. Then: the \$100,000 match race with Nashua Aug. 31.

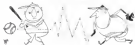
The U.S. won the Wightman Cup for the 23rd time since 1923 even though Doris Hart lost for the first time in 12 Wightman singles matches in nine years.

continued from page 9

football world, placed a man on last year's All-America teams. Nobody from Harvard, Princeton or Yale played in the All-Star Game either.

UNDERHAND? YES, UNDERHAND

Few human institutions have demonstrated as case-hardened a resistance to change as baseball. The ball has gotten a bit livelier during the dizzy 20th century and bats have changed shape in infinitesimal ways but the game has been played, year after year, exactly as it was in the day of the gas lamp, the walrus mustache



and the hustle. Last week, however—at 7 o'clock, Wednesday night, Aug. 10, 1955, to be exact—innovation reared its bedizened head in professional baseball like a stripper jumping out of a paper cake at a DAR convention.

Manager Freddie Hutchinson of the Seattle Rainiers not only risked the chance of a thunderbolt from on high but his three-game lead in the Pacific Coast League and started a softball pitcher named Bobby Fesler in a regular game against the San Francisco Seals. The pitcher, to be sure, was no ordinary softball player; at 25, after 10 years in the softball leagues (where pitchers throw from only 46 feet away), he had racked up a total of 55 no-hit games. Before Hutchinson signed him, furthermore, he had demonstrated an uneasy ability to baffle Seattle's best batters with a hard ball at 60 feet. But if anyone had ever employed the softball's underhand toss in a professional baseball game the phenomenon had escaped baseball's historians.

It would be hard to guess whether underhanding is here to stay—although Hutchinson sturdily insisted that he was not pulling a publicity stunt ("Would I risk my lead on a stunt?") and that Fesler's astounding underhand tricks with a baseball even at 60 feet (he has six different deliveries) would win ball games if he could only maintain control. Control, as it turned out, was not Fesler's greatest attribute. "We'll wait him out," said San Francisco Manager Tommy Heath before the game. "I don't think he can get that garbage over for strikes." Heath, as it turned out, was right,

although Fesler had his moment of glory.

As the cocky underhander stepped to the mound to face San Francisco's lead-off man, Jimmy Moran, a capacity Seattle crowd of 13,899 rose and roared. Fesler threw his fast one in for a strike. He threw his sinker in for another. He threw his riser for the third and the crowd went wild. After that, however, it was more restrained. Fesler walked the next San Francisco batter to first, wild-pitched him to second and balked him to third; he issued another walk, heaved another wild pitch, got clipped for an infield single, walked two more batters—and was taken from the game, which Seattle eventually lost 5-3.

Abuse and derision drifted out from delighted jockeys on the San Francisco bench. "Whoopsie, dearie," howled one dugout wit, "does um get to pitch at a pience now?" Cried another: "A farce, that's what it is—they're makin' a blankety-blank farce outa the game!" But the Seattle crowd rallied for Fesler again anyhow. Late in the second game of the double-header (with the score 9-4 for San Francisco) Hutchinson sent his curio in again. He gave up four walks, was hit for three infield singles and a home run. But he also struck out two San Francisco batters with the bases loaded in the eighth and hit a long double off the Seals' orthodox pitcher Gene Bearden.

Afterward, San Francisco's players spoke of him with curious respect. "He was wild, just like we figured," said Manager Heath, "but he was a rough one when he got the ball over." Said First Baseman Wayne Belardi: "The thing that amazes me is the action he

gets on every pitch. Give that kid some learning and he'll be hard to hit." Said Hutchinson after two analagous bouncers: "We're going to work hard on his control. One thing's for sure—he's staying with the ball club."

SEVEN-FOOT FRESHMAN

LAST SPRING the most sought-after basketball player in the U.S. was a seven-foot, 18-year-old Negro boy named Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain. At Philadelphia's Overbrook High School, The Stilt averaged 37 in the classroom and 37 points a game, and many a coach's heart cracked the day he chose the University of Kansas.

This summer The Stilt has been working as a bellhop at Kutcher's Country Club, a Catskill Mountain resort that caters to "a sports-minded clientele." The other day, before loping off in the direction of Kansas, he took time off from his job (\$26.10 every two weeks, plus tips) to give a modest account of his experience so far with institutions of higher learning.

Said The Stilt, sitting in an armchair, his grasshopper legs jacking into his chest: "In high school I'd get eight or nine letters in a day. And quite a few phone calls. I preferred a phone call 'cause then I wouldn't have to answer."

"There was Dayton, St. Joe's and Villanova. Then I had offers from Penn and Cornell in the Ivy League. I thought about Penn but I wanted to get away from Philadelphia, go out in the country a while. On the coast? UCLA. San Francisco. Oregon and Washington too. I was supposed to go out there a couple of times, but never did. I got offers from four junior colleges in California—Ventura and something else—Mexico and Florida. Had an offer from an alumnus of Notre Dame. Most of the time an alumnus would be the one to contact you. Sometimes he might live in Philadelphia, or he coming there on a business trip or write you a letter from where he lives. The letters are usually vague at first."

The Stilt sat up, brushed his mustache slowly and smiled. "A few schools are still after me now, but I won't mention the names. They have come up to see me [at Kutcher's] and tell me I made a rash decision. But there's no chance of me switching. I got what I wanted."

What had The Stilt wanted, besides a chance to play for Kansas' veteran coach Phog Allen, that pugnaesously vocal enemy of "fixers" in basketball? His reasons for picking Kansas were



HANDICAP

The yachts are sailing straighter,

The race is nearly done.

Slide-rule and calculator

Will figure out who won.

—IRWIN L. STEIN

private. The Stilt decided, but he had thought them over a long time. Of course, Kansas authorities were giving him a full scholarship. He was also going to be able to drive to Kansas in his own car—nothing too new or expensive. He thought maybe a '53 Olds. "I price cars every day," The Stilt said. "I can tell you just about the price of any car since '36. Summer's the best time to buy cars."

THING FROM THE SEA

AN SI CORRESPONDENT just back from Virginia vouches for the following tale, which may go far to relieve the shock suffered by a young woman at Virginia Beach the other day.



The story begins with a U.S. Navy officer who is passionately fond of skin diving. He was anxious to pursue the sport on a Virginia Beach vacation, but a skin rash on his face made the salt water painful. His dermatologist solved the problem: wear a fullface Halloween mask under regular skin-diving goggles. The Navy officer went to the dime store and picked himself out a nice one, close fitting if evilly Martian.

That, no doubt was why the sunbathing girl on a quiet stretch of beach roared from her dose and—involuntarily—let out a choked scream as she saw the Thing almost leaning over her.

The Navy officer doesn't know why he then said what he said. It was almost involuntary too. It did not comfort the girl much at the time. "Take me," he said slowly and carefully, "to your President."

FIGHT MANAGER KAYOED

CHAIRMAN JULIUS HELFAND of the New York state boxing commission has shown during three months of investigation into the devious ways of boxing that he knows how to jab, feint and slip punches. But, as other commissioners have learned, it takes much more to win a decisive victory over those who rule boxing. So now Helfand has scored his first knockout.

The victim was Charley Bauer, who has been managing fighters for 30 years without ever so much as having a glove laid on him. As treasurer of the New York boxing managers' Guild, he refused to testify about the curious financial affairs of the organization.

Helfand's winning counterpunch: revocation of Bauer's license to manage. Bauer and the Guild's lawyer, Murray (The Genius) Frank, screamed that they had been fouled and would fight the decision in court.

In a long review of the situation leading up to Bauer's banishment, Helfand pointed to evidence that the Guild, which sometimes argues that it is a bona fide labor union, is a "baleful influence" on boxing, a monopoly which has sought to control boxing by such devices as the grounding of fighters and managers who refuse to obey it. Some of its manager-members enjoy a "suspicious relationship" with "one Frankie Carbo, a notorious and elusive ex-convict and underworld character," Helfand said, though association with criminals is against commission rules.

There was evidence, the chairman pointed out, that the Guild has been "engaging in practices inimical to the best interests of boxing." Then, as if to hint that mere revocation of one manager's license was by no means his only punch, Helfand telegraphed one that has yet to land.

"A license may be revoked," he pointed out, "if a licensee has been guilty of acts detrimental to the interests of boxing. . . . A plenary inquiry may establish that membership in the Guild by a licensee *per se* is such a detrimental act."

HAPPY AT HAPPY KNOLL

THE FUNKINESS of J. P. Marquand have sauced the pages of SI intermittently for some weeks now, and oddly enough, to the delight of thousands who never have tasted the pleasures of golf and the American country

club (see 19TH HOLE, page 67). He has given these outsiders a kind of sode-long insight into a phase of our culture which helps distinguish it from those of the Bulgar, the Boer and, less positively, the Kwakiutl Indian. Happy Knoll, wherever it may be, is now a recognizable sociological phenomenon.

At the same time Marquand seems to have enriched the understanding of those who do belong to country clubs and, like a good and gentle teacher, has illuminated their lives without ever suggesting that he would want them to be any different. Since Juvenal, the presumption has been that a literary satirist must be a reformer at heart. It is not necessarily so. The satirist more often loves the foibles he slashes. Sinclair Lewis was surely fond of George Bahhitt. Mark Twain could not have written *Huckleberry Finn* without deep affection for the Mississippi midland and its people. And, in any case, the tendency of a writer is to like what gives him a subject.

Members of Happy Knolls around the country have written by the hundreds to SI to express, in the big majority, their understanding of this point. No one has been piqued except perhaps that Marquand has not yet addressed the truly important problems of Happy Knoll—handicap inequities, layout changes, chafers of greens committees, female foursomes and other golfing mysteries.

Many nonmembers of the nation's Happy Knolls, on the other hand, have expressed doubt that the Marquand Golger-typewriter has yet discovered the really rich vein which awaits him if he would but look in on a yacht club, a polo club or a hunt club, where the

continued on next page



"Before I sign I want to know EXACTLY why he's called the 'Bushwick Assassin.'"

continued from page 11

really screamingly funny stuff happens. Those doubters are invariably members of yacht clubs, polo clubs or hunt clubs.

Perhaps Marquand will stray from golf and Happy Knoll someday. Meanwhile he seems quite happy there.

QUIETLY BULLISH MARKET

As every bookdealer knows, vast stacks of the books he sells wind up as gifts ("I don't know auntie's size so I'll send her a novel"). Now comes the dean of American sports book dealers, Montagu Hankin, to underscore that it doesn't happen quite that way with sports books. At least 80% of them are bought by people who want the books for themselves.

Hankin figures that is why some sports books steadily increase in value: the buyers use them and hang on to them, which means there are few copies kicking around secondhand bookstores to drive the prices down. Back in 1934 Eugene Connett published a 138-page volume, *Fishing a Trout Stream*, complete with 80-odd photographs showing precisely how it should be done. There were 950 copies at \$7.50 a copy. The book now sells for \$35.

That is not high as sports books go—a set of a 19th century magazine called *Annals of Sporting and Pony Gazette* is worth \$2,000—but it illustrates Mr. Hankin's axiom. Mr. Hankin lives in comfortable circumstances in a big house in Summit, N.J. where fine examples of the sporting prints of A. B. Frost cover the walls, and old maps, lithographs, fine bindings and first editions fill cabinets and chests of drawers, and less valuable rarities have overflowed to the basement and garage. One of his prized items is a venerable English book on fly fishing. The pages are about a quarter of an inch thick. Set in each page, like diamonds in a jeweler's case, are actual examples of the flies described. "This practical volume is so rare," says Mr. Hankin, "a collector who can get one for \$475 is very lucky."

The rarest American sporting book is *The Sportsman's Companion*, published before 1800. Only two copies are known to exist. It has the fine aged appearance of something written on blotting paper, has sold for \$2,800, and might not impress you at all. Down to more practical values, an early book on baseball, Henry Chadwick's 1868 *American Baseball, How to Learn It, How to Play It, How to Teach It*, brings

in \$35. Old college yearbooks are not worth much—about a dollar apiece—but a copy of *The Harvard University Baseball Club* (1903) fetches \$7.50, the 1928 *History of Southern Football* \$12, and Walter Camp's 1894 inquiry into football brutality brings \$20. The official reports of the Olympic Games bring in anywhere from \$12 to \$50. The 1896 at Athens is the rarest, and the 1912 at Stockholm (\$30), printed in four languages, is the best and most vividly illustrated.

Rare sporting-book dealers usually branch into other fields. Frowning around the attics and warehouses of the United States in search of books for sportsmen, Montagu Hankin stumbled across a trunkful of books that included a first edition of Poe's *The Rares*. He no longer does any searching himself, having retired on V-J Day, but his fame is such in his own business that discoveries are brought to him. Only a fortnight ago a New Jersey junk dealer brought him a copy of the first book of Charles Russell, the cowboy artist. "I once found three original Russells in a Vermont antique shop," Mr. Hankin said, like a man remembering a particularly happy fishing trip. "Nearly knocked me over."

AUCTIONS REVISITED

BACK at the latest Saratoga thoroughbred auctions—and once more actively bidding in likely yearlings (see page 42)—was trim and white-

haired Eleonora R. Sears of Prides Crossing, Mass., who started assembling a racing stable at Saratoga last year at the age of 72. Since then she has spent approximately \$800,000 for an assortment of both foreign and home-bred thoroughbreds. One of these was a \$75,000 colt by Tudor Minstrel out of Neocracy which Miss Sears has named Tudorka. It would be pleasant to report that Tudorka looks like the current 2-year-old champion; instead, it must be announced that this \$75,000 package has never started a race. At present he has bucked shins, but may be ready for some fall racing.

Miss Sears, it seems, has had singularly bad luck in her first year in the game. "Bad luck?" she said the other afternoon at the races, "I've had stinking luck. But I have really no complaints. I knew what racing was when I got into it, and I admit I've had a lot of fun. Just because you lose a match [when Miss Sears, in her youth, wasn't walking, riding or swimming, she was collecting tennis and squash titles] doesn't mean you quit playing the game. I've had a couple of winners, but I guess I'd like a few more—just like anybody else in racing. Yes, I bought some more yearlings this week; I got one filly by Pavot for \$4,000. Who knows, she may turn out to be much better than my \$75,000 colt or the Blue Peter colt I've just paid \$43,000 for. Buying yearlings is a gamble—all racing is a gamble—and I suppose you've got to be something of a gambler to have fun in it. I'm having fun."

SPECTACLE

EDGE OF THE AUGUST SEA

Where white sands meet blue water in summer's withering beat
the color camera finds its subject: vacationers on the beach

In the carefree days of August before the Weather Bureau's farthest outpost had looked into the malicious eye of Connie the Hurricane and sent out a warning cry, it was a time to escape from the withering heat. At the edge of the timeless, tumbling sea, armies of vacationers and weekenders raised their gaudy umbrellas in a salute to the sun and then planted themselves in the sand just outside the puddle of shade they had thus created. At no other time, in no other place would they so cheerfully endure the close, sweltering crowds, the painful burns, the sand that seeped in seam and sandwich. Such is the summer ritual at the edge of the sea. The special enchantment that it holds for one and all is captured by the color camera on the following pages.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE





*Here on the ocean's shaggy mane is room for all. Poet and peasant,
banker and candlestick maker, join the joyous ceremony of being buffeted
in the glorious razzle-dazzle of the billowing surf.*

*What illimitable wonders and what fabulous treasures
lie hidden in the deep recesses of the ocean floor?*





*All the summer day long,
in the whirling spume and
the hurtling surge,
a bit of the sea's endless drama
and its rage is unfolded.*



*On the shining strand, with the tumbling laughter of the wild sea water
playing through her dreams, a sand-licked young girl drowns
in the long sleepy August afternoon.*



*Near that magical line of the beach where the white shells tinkle
on the last whisper of the spent wave,
children build their motored castles, already doomed by the rising tides,
to be rebuilt tomorrow.*

*The rising evening breeze
blows cold from the sea
and a picnicker warms himself
at the bustling beach fire.*





CHINS UP!

While the nation debated the fitness of U.S. youth, these youngsters were among 56 giving their exerting best to the chin-up bar during the junior decathlon at Eastchester, N.Y.



OUT OF



**STORMY PETREL ON
CALM WATERS**

SIDESADDLE SAILOR

At Cowes, Isle of Wight, the Duke of Edinburgh sits sidesaddle at the helm of Uffa Fox's 28-ton sloop *Fresh Breeze* in the Britannia Cup Race. Sidesaddle position was Fox's idea, but it did not help much. Despite the Duke's best nautical efforts, the *Fresh Breeze* finished 15th in a 30-boat field.

LIFT FOR A WEIGHTLIFTER

U.S. Weightlifting Champion Paul Anderson finds himself in the role of human bar bell in Atlanta as Earl Mann (*left*), president of the Atlanta baseball team, and Georgia Tech Football Coach Bobby Dodd strive to hoist the 341-pound champion with a small assist from Jeanne Parry, "Miss Georgia."



CHARACTER



Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov takes Argentine Ambassador Leopoldo Bravo and friend for boat ride near Moscow. No expert, Molotov flooded boat while braching it, soaked passengers.



BLINDFOLD BOOTER

When little Tad Weed, 139 pounds, missed a field goal for Ohio State in the Rose Bowl, he punished himself by vowing to kick 10,000 in a row, the 10,000th blindfolded. Weed's practice made perfect last week as he kicked the winning field goal to lead the College All-Stars to a 30-27 upset victory over the Cleveland Browns (see page 41).

AQUALUNG ARTISTS

At Palos Verdes, Calif., these days, artists put on diving equipment, go below at the Marineland of the Pacific Aquarium to paint the surprised fish in their own element.

GIRON GETS TOSSED

Venezuelan César Giron, most gifted of today's bullfighters, suffers a bad goering at Madrid's Plaza de Toros as thousands of spectators, including General Franco, look on in horror

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GENE COOK



Giron swirls his muleta in pass while preparing bull for "estocada," or classic "moment of truth"

Enraged bull, sensing mortal danger, charges Giron, tosses him high with right horn



Giron falls to ground, seriously wounded with injuries to groin and collarbone

Horrified spectators stare as assistants rush to distract bull from fallen matador



WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

WATCHING WHAT?



Why, the American League race, of course. This particular joyous group was photographed at Briggs Stadium in Detroit last Friday night at the moment the Tigers scored their only run in a 2-1 loss to the White Sox. The scene was repeated, over and over, in other American League cities as the race got hotter and hotter. Turn the page for a further report on the pennant fight last week

PHOTOGRAPH BY HY PERKIN





BASE PATH COLLISION between Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra and Billy Klau of the Red Sox shows baseball for the body-contact

sport it is, especially in a pennant race. Yogi, aggressively blocking the base path, was rained, dropped ball as Klau scored.

THE BOSTON RED SOX HAVE GOT IDEAS

by ROY TERRELL

On paper the Red Sox haven't a chance for the pennant, but since June they have become the most interesting team in baseball. They lost a series to New York last week but impressed all with their pitching, their fight—and Billy Klaus

THE EYE of Hurricane Connie was expected to come peering over the horizon within a matter of hours but to the thousands in Yankee Stadium a hurricane was something to worry about later. Right now there was a ball game going on.

It was the seventh inning of the second game of the series and the score was tied at 2-2. Jimmy Piersall, who had led off the Red Sox half of the inning with a single, was only as far as second base and now there were two out and a full count on the batter. Don Larsen, the Yankee pitcher, looked for a moment at little Billy Klaus, waxing his bat in a steady, urgent arc at the plate. He may also have glanced, briefly, toward the on-deck circle, toward the next hitter: Ted Williams. Then he leaned forward, squinting, to get the signal from Catcher Yogi Berra and went into his motion.

Out in a field box on the third-base line a middle-aged man from Boston, who had caught a train down to New York that morning to see the game, turned to his neighbor. "If Klaus gets on base," he said, "the Red Sox are going to win the pennant." The other man looked at him in dumb surprise; then his look changed to one of contempt. "That's about as absurd as anything I ever heard," he said. "They may not even win the ball game." The first man, solid and sure in his conviction, just shook his head. "I don't care," he said. "If Klaus gets on base, Williams will get 'em in. He's due. And the Red Sox will win the pennant."

Then Larsen pitched, Klaus swung at the blur of white—and missed. Williams stood up slowly in the on-deck circle, looked down at his two bats,

then tossed them toward the Red Sox dugout and trotted toward left field. But the man in the third-base box only shrugged and leaned back in his seat, ignoring the amused glance of his companion. "Next time," he said. "Next time."

The next time didn't happen that afternoon, when the Yankees went on to win in 13 innings, or the next day either, when they beat the Red Sox 3-3 and walked off with the series, two games to one. But the Boston fan was not entirely wrong when he over-emphasized the importance of a single pitch, just as Red Sox Manager Mike Higgins was not completely right when he, in turn, de-emphasized the importance of the entire series. ("No three games at this time, in this league, is going to settle anything. We've got six weeks to go and it's still anybody's race.") For the time has arrived when the American League is up to its ears in the hottest pennant fight in seven years and although no one really expects it to be settled until the last week of the season—and maybe not then without a play-off—every game counts, with emotional and mathematical urgency.

It was not a drama confined to Yankee Stadium. The same thing was going on at Briggs Stadium in Detroit, where the hard-hitting young Tigers ran into a Cleveland team which finally regained some of its 1954 magic and won three straight to take over first place (or the time being). The tenacity was also a thing alive in Kansas City's Municipal Stadium where the sometimes surprising Athletics managed to win only one game of three from Marty Marion's pennant-hungry

White Sox, but that was enough to drop the south-siders from Chicago into second place. And the frenzy continued to mount during the rest of the week and into the next one at Fenway Park in Boston and Memorial Stadium in Baltimore and Comiskey Park in Chicago. Wherever American League teams were playing, there was a race for the American League pennant.

DOLL RIVALRY REVIVED

But the Yankee-Red Sox series was of unusual interest. For one thing, Yankee Stadium is a place where pennants are historically won—and sometimes lost; where important games with a bearing on the championship have a habit of being played. For another, it was a continuation—or more, a revival—of a great rivalry of the past which, in recent years, at least until this season, had become almost non-existent. Since 1951 it had been easy for the Yankees to be charitable toward the Red Sox. But more than any of these, the reason for two record crowds (61,000 for a Tuesday night game, 34,000 for an afternoon game next day) was simply the Red Sox themselves. They had become the most interesting team in baseball (did someone mention the Dodgers? and everyone wanted to see what made them click).

They had not clicked (or even been interesting) through the first weeks of the season. Owner Tom Yawkey, who poured millions into buying a pennant in 1945, no longer had players like Doerr and Dominic DeMaggio, Pesky and Rudy York, Tebbetts, Hughson and Ferriss. It was not even certain the Red Sox could count on Ted Williams,

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THE RED SOX HAVE IDEAS

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who had announced his retirement but might—just might—return for the 1955 season. Instead, the squad which greeted Manager Higgins—a big, heavy-bodied, slow-talking Texan who played third base for the 1946 champions and then spent eight years in the minors learning a new trade—was loaded with youngsters who some day, it was hoped, would make the Red Sox a name again in the American League. But the time was still the future indefinite—so surely that one Boston native bet \$3,000 to \$30 the Sox would not win the pennant.

Moving into June, it appeared he was right. As the tremendously patient Higgins continued to experiment with his lineup, looking for a winning combination, Boston was in sixth place, 14½ games behind the Yankees and playing at a miserable .396 gait with only 19 wins against 29 defeats. The pitching staff was a big surprise (as caddy Casey Stengel pointed out even back there, it was among the best in the league) but the team just wasn't hitting—and it had no spark. Even Williams—who had ended his retirement in late May—was slow to get going; his back hurt, he had a cold, his hands were sore. The batting of Jackie Jensen, with help from a big rookie first baseman named Norm Zaichin, was not enough to carry the load. But in the first week of June, Higgins made up his mind and settled on a day-by-day lineup which he has stuck to without even changing the batting order, except for an occasional day of rest or to let somebody shake off an injury, for more than 60 games. It still had a lot of the old look, with Catcher Sammy White, Second Baseman Billy Goodman and an outfield of Williams, Piersall and Jensen, all veterans of the 1934 team which finished fourth, 42 games behind Cleveland. But it had some new faces, too. There was Grady Hatton, a cast-off National Leaguer, at third. Zaichin took over at first, permanently. And Klaus stepped into shortstop.

From the day the little fireball from Fox Lake, Ill. became a regular until they went into the series at Yankee Stadium, the Red Sox won 43 of 60 games, playing at a .717 pace, the best in baseball. They stormed up from the second division, passed slumping Detroit and on the Fourth of July were only eight games out of first. It had been a good streak and the Sox were playing good baseball but no one else

in the league was getting too excited. Those things had a way of dying out. They forgot to tell the Red Sox, however, who just kept right on winning and last week climbed to within 1½ games of the lead. The fact they lost two of three to the Yankees apparently did not discourage them a bit—nor did it give any lasting encouragement to Cleveland, Chicago or New York, who finally realized they are going to have to fight off this Boston team right down to the finish—if they can.

Even in losing to the Yankees, the Red Sox showed why they are tough. Higgins, of course, for one thing. A man of almost inhuman calm, he refuses to get excited about a game—won or lost—once it's over. "You can't do much about them in here," he says in the dressing room. He displays great faith in his ballplayers and refuses to become angry about errors of commission. After Goodman and Klaus booted ground balls which directly led to the 13-inning Yankee win and ruined Frank Sullivan's beautiful pitching job, Higgins growled, "If you never made an error in this game, you'd be a damn wizard." It is an attitude which has left the Red Sox with a feeling of security—and an unprofessional desire to win games not only for themselves but for Higgins.

Williams, too, of course. Against the Yankees he had his troubles but he has been great since his return and his very presence at the plate injected an even greater feeling of excitement into the game—and kept the Yankees on edge. When you're facing a batter with a .348 lifetime average who is looking for his 2,000th major league hit and has hammered 19 home runs in only 34 games, you have to be worried.

MAGIC IN CENTER FIELD

And Piersall, who needed only the first game to show why he must be included among the fine outfielders of baseball history. He went back to the wall to pull down two drives by Eddie Robinson. He dashed in behind second base to scoop almost sure hits out of the grass tops, once making such an almost impossible catch of Bill Skowron's sinking liner in short right center that Irv Noren was easily doubled off second. Later Higgins grinned and absolved Noren of bonehead base running. "Everyone in the park knew that was a hit," he said, "except Piersall."

Zaichin, a right-handed first baseman, is like a big cat around the base

and his hitting, although erratic, has been tremendous when he's hot. Goodman has hit well after a slow start; Hatton is steady at third; Jensen has led the league most of the season in runs batted in and ranks high in stolen bases; Sammy White is one of the game's best young catchers.

The pitching staff, without Cleveland's great noses or Chicago's experience, has still been impressive. Higgins now considers Frank Sullivan and Willard Nixon (the Yankees' nemesis) as stoppers, and also praises the work of Tommy Brewer and Rookie George Susse, who have helped take up some of the slack caused by an injured Mel Parnell. When these have faltered, the bullpen of Tommy Hurd, Ike Delock, Leo Kiely and ageless Elia Kinder has rushed to the rescue in true storybook fashion.

The Red Sox surge has been a team effort but there remains—even more important, perhaps, than Higgins, more than Williams, more even than the pitching staff—the contributions of Billy Klaus, a ballplayer who spent eight years in the minors and could not even make the Santurce club of the Puerto Rican League last winter. He was traded to the Red Sox by the Giants off their Minneapolis roster for a bullpen catcher who did not even report, which would make his market value about equal to a broken bat. But Higgins, who had been pestered nearly to death by the little guy last year while managing Louisville, felt he was worth a try, and when a string of injuries hit the Red Sox at shortstop, he shoved Billy into the breach. Mike Higgins has never been sorry.

Klaus is not a great fighter but he has never lost a fight with a ground ball yet, and he gets it over to first in time for the putout. Not fast, he's quick and covers a lot of ground. No great hitter, he's a pesky one, waiting for his pitch, fouling off the tough ones, punching the ball through a hole, drawing a walk. Occasionally he shows real power and against the Yankees hit for eight total bases, more than anyone else for the series. Playing with such sluggers as Williams and Zaichin and Mantle and Berra, he had one of the series' two home runs. Hatton had the other.

Klaus may be only a one-year wonder but most baseball men admit he's furnishing the spark which has ignited a blaze in Boston. Marty Marion calls him "the key to the Red Sox" and George Kell goes even further. "He's a gummy guy who's always giving you a battle," says the veteran White Sox infielder. "He pulls, he pushes, he

bunts; he gets on base any way he can. The Red Sox fight for everything and they're never out of the game. Give Billy Klaus credit for that. He wants to play so badly that everyone catches the attitude . . . He's more than just a good shortstop—he's a state of mind."

It is not a perfect team by a long way, of course, and they showed it against the Yankees. The errors by Klaus and Goodman were big ones at the wrong time. Piersall's decision to bunt, on his own, with two men on base and none out in the second inning of the second game, ruined a promising Red Sox rally. The infield is slow and Williams, never mentioned among the great outfielders, is older and slower and fortunate to have Piersall at his side. Even Higgins makes mistakes: Bonus Baby Frank Bauman was clearly not ready to make his 1955 debut in the important third game; fresh out of the Army and still overweight, he was pounded hard by the Yankees and knocked out in the second inning.

NO BOOS FOR THEODORE

Perhaps because of their failings—and the way they have overcome them—the Red Sox have been gathered to the breasts of fans not only in Boston, where the pennant fever rages from Fenway Park to the British Consulate (SI, Aug. 15), but in other cities as well. The southeastern Massachusetts town of Taunton has adopted the Sox, unconditionally; in the Taunton *Daily Gazette*, the sports page lists the team as the Taunton Red Sox. Even in Yankee Stadium, once a hotbed of Red Sox haters, fully one-third of the big crowd each day was openly rooting for the visitors (including tremendous cheers for Ted Williams, who once drew only tremendous boos).

The Sox, tested in early-season defeat and tempered by the death of teammate Harry Agganis in June, have become a happy, confident team. They have learned to live with their weaknesses and know that—without having Cleveland's pitching staff, the speed and bench of the Yankees or the brilliant defense of the White Sox—they have assets almost as great. They have spirit, an incentive born of hunger and tremendous momentum built up during the long winning streak. They may not win the pennant but they will be hard to stop.

"This club," said Casey Stengel, who leaned back in his dressing room and breathed an audible sigh of relief when the Red Sox finally left town, "is tough to beat. They're always out there after you."

END



CHICAGO HOPES ride with the White Sox—here jubilant after Bob Kennedy (31) hit grand-slam home run, driving in Walt Dropo (8) and others in game with Detroit.



BUT DETROIT has dreams too, and after Sox Manager Marion and Nellie Fox lost the argument above, Harvey Kuenn's fly sent Detroit's Fred Hatfield across to win game.



CONVERSATION PIECE

SUBJECT: DON NEWCOMBE

Brooklyn's fabulous pitcher talks about his career—about the men who helped him, like Branch Rickey, and about those who caused him trouble, like himself

by ROBERT CREAMER

At Ebbets Field in Brooklyn last week, in the afternoon before a night game, Don Newcombe was out running by himself four hours before game time. He was the only player on the field, in full uniform except for his cap; and for 15 hot minutes he ran, over and over again, from deep in left field all the way across the far reaches of the outfield to the distant right field corner, running one way and then walking back in long, pacing, tigery strides to run again. Newcombe running is an awesome sight. He looks taller than his 6 feet 4 inches, heavier than his 240 pounds. He starts slowly, lumbering at first, but then gradually picking up speed like a Mack truck or an elephant; until with heavy, ground-shaking steps he pounds over the grass. A teammate has observed, "When Newk runs it's like the wall of a building falling down. He's not very fast, but once he gets going he can't stop, and ain't nobody going to get in his way."

Among the few who have gotten in Newcombe's way this year are Pitchers Sam Jones of the Chicago Cubs and Robin Roberts of the Philadelphia Phillies, who respectively handed Newcombe successive one-run defeats last week (3-0 and 3-2). Despite these painful losses, Newcombe's pitching record for 1955 is a remarkable 18-3, by far the best in the major leagues. More than that, he has smitten opposing pitchers with some very unpitcher-like hitting, running up a glittering .374 batting average wrapped around six home runs, as many home runs as any pitcher in National League history has ever hit in one season. This rare combination of pitcher-and-batter has caught the imagination of the baseball public as no other player has this year.

In the dugout last week, when he had finished running and had toweled himself off, Newcombe cut a tape-recorded message for a radio station in New Jersey, promoting a community-fund drive. He read his brief speech well, in a surprisingly lively, well-modulated, well-articulated voice; and he did it over three times before he, Newcombe, was satisfied it was right.

The tape-recorder man thanked him and shortly thereafter left. Newcombe slumped back on the bench, his long peaked cap low over his eyes, and looked out across the empty green grass of Ebbets Field.

"Last year," he said finally, "me and my roomie [Catcher Roy Campanella], nobody ever called us up. Nobody wanted us. This year, the phone's ringing all the time.

Every place we go. The Duke of Paducah wants us, the Czar wants us, everybody."

Of course, last year Don Newcombe, fresh out of the Army and counted on for a big 20 victories by hopeful Dodger fans, was a grievous disappointment with a weak 9-and-8 won-and-lost record. And though he batted a creditable .319, he had only 15 hits and 16 total bases all season, and only four runs batted in. This year Newcombe and Campanella, who is a contender for the league batting championship, are Brooklyn's lead horses, the men most responsible for the Dodgers' remarkable improvement over last season.

"Last year I had a sore arm," Newcombe said. "This year I don't. That is the difference and the whole difference. There is no 'new' Newcombe. I'm the same guy. But this is the first year I ever remember that I didn't have a sore arm."

"I remember in 1949, the year I was called up to the Dodgers from Montreal, the very day I was called up, I had a sore arm. What a time for a sore arm."

"That year I pitched spring training with the Dodgers. I was on the Montreal roster, but they had me pitching with the Dodgers at Vero Beach. I pitched pretty good. I thought I should be brought up. When they broke camp I thought they should have taken me with them. But they didn't. I was supposed to rejoin Montreal."

"So I went home. I borrowed some money from Sam Jethroe and took off. My wife didn't say anything. She knew I was wrong and she knew I knew I was wrong; but she didn't say anything. The thing I didn't realize was Mr. Rickey knew what he was doing. He wasn't worried about one man. He had a program and he was following it. Me, I was worrying about me. I thought I was good enough to pitch with the Dodgers, and that's where I wanted to be."

"After a week I began to understand what Mr. Rickey was doing, doing things slow. I began to see that sitting home wasn't doing me any good. So I called up Buzzie Bavasi [then general manager of the Montreal club, now vice president of the Dodgers] and I asked him would he take back a damn fool."

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NEWCOMBE AT THE BAT is a majestic figure, grinning with long-suffering contempt as he tows with the bat and awaits the pitch.





BROOKLYN'S MAD GOLF COURSE

Stooping, dawdling or arriving after 5 a.m. are invitations to disaster on Flatbush's only links

by JANE PERRY

IN all of Brooklyn, from Coney Island to the Gowanus Canal, there is only one 18-hole golf course. And as might be expected, the game played there, although outwardly resembling golf, is quite different from the gentlemanly sport performed under normal, country club conditions.

A hundred thousand players use the Dyker Beach Golf Course each 12-month season. In addition to being the course with the world's most well-trodden fairways, Dyker is also the one where the incumbent pro, Tommy Strafaci, was brought up on the course (his father had a house on what is now the first tee and raised goats, hogs and vegetables on the second fairway); where the undershirt is a classic costume for hot summer days (topped by a bright plaid cap); and where the insult is the common and formal method of communication ("Hey, drop that ball, ya crumb!").

The Dyker course is municipally owned and commands a rather fine view of Lower New York Bay past the Narrows, although it is doubtful if any golfer has ever lifted his head long enough to admire it.

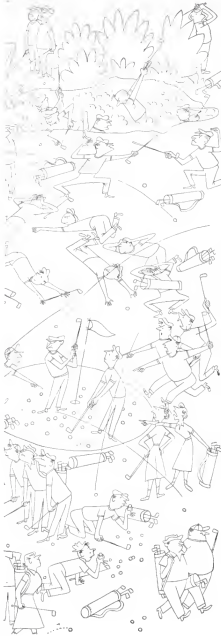
Dyker players, all graduates of Ebbets Field and stormy days with the Dodgers, have been tossing pop bottles at umpires since infancy and enjoy nothing quite so much as a loud, vigorous hassle. Their game is rowdy, democratic and argumentative; and Dyker fairways resound with threats and the noise of Brooklyn voices raised in altercation. At the shriek of "fore!" players automatically drop their arguments and their clubs and assume a crouching position with arms wrapped over their heads—a defense similar to that recommended for an atom bomb. There is no way of telling from what direction the ball might come, since at Dyker so many fairways are cozily adjacent and so many players have spectacular hooks and slices.

It takes stamina and a rare sense of dedication to become an authentic Dykerite. It is helpful to have been born in Brooklyn, or at least to have moved there early in life. Out-of-town golfers who wander onto the course, either ignorant of its reputation or fascinated by the stories they've heard, have been known to quit after a few holes, thoroughly baffled and unhappy. In many cases the uninitiated may register but become so frustrated during the long wait that they never get to tee off at all.

Waiting time on a fine Sunday ranges from three to five hours. The all-time waiting record—about six hours—was set on a purely local holiday, Brooklyn Anniversary Day of 1940, when 860 players signed up.

As at all New York City municipal courses, each player

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BROOKLYN'S MAD GOLF

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is given a number on registration, and these numbers are posted by the starter on a blackboard directly behind the first tee. If anybody is waiting, golfers are required to play in foursomes—and on a Dyker weekend there is always somebody waiting. The first players arrive before 3:30 a.m., deposit their golf bags in front of the clubhouse and curl up in their cars for a nap. By 5 there are dozens of people milling around in the chill gray light, breakfastless, belligerent and talkative.

"So I get up at 4 o'clock with all the other nuts, and there's still this bunch a jerks ahead of me!" ... "You laughin' at my swing? What's so funny?" "Nuttin's funny. I'm just laughin' to be social." ... "That guy over there, I ain't seen him for 25 years, not since he beamed me with a 2-iron shot when I was 11." ... "So this hum got sore when I sneezed on his drive. After that I don't talk no more. Even when I step on his foot, I don't say 'excuse me.'"

The members of a pickup foursome introduce themselves informally, by first names only. A Dyker golfer may find himself teamed up with a municipal court judge (Joe), a Flatbush housewife (Mabel) and a city bus driver (Holbert)—a state of affairs which has led to the breakdown of the few remaining social distinctions in Brooklyn. Women, who make up one-fourth of the players, are shown no mercy and little respect; in fact there is no look as



openly horrified as that on the face of a male Dykerite who finds himself inextricably involved with three lady duffers. Occasionally a quick-thinking man in such a predicament will invent an urgent phone call and allow his number to be pushed back on the board, but most trudge along, audibly lamenting their fate. They will permit their lady partners to remove and replace the flag on each green, to locate their lost balls and will even condescend to give a few well-chosen pointers on the game ("When ya hit through,

honey, ya gotta be square with the hole—get the pernt?")—but they are not happy.

Once a foursome starts on its way, it is at the mercy of eight people, the foursome immediately in front and the foursome behind.

The four in front will hold up the



game by searching for balls, by mysteriously acquiring friends and becoming a sixsome; they will accuse the four behind of cutting in and trying to play past them. Sometimes they will charge at offenders with raised clubs—especially the females, who are, in this respect, the more deadly of the species *Golfer Dykerianus*.

The four behind will snap and snarl at the heels of the foursome ahead. If a player so much as stops to tie a shoelace, they will drive a warning ball whistling past his head. They are masters of the impatient stance, the sneering look, the "Hurry up, willya!" cries of outrage.

CHALK IN HIS VEINS

There are some players who have spent years trying to figure out various strategies of advancing their numbers on the blackboard. The powerful custodian of the numbers is the starter, a city employee of modest salary but heroic caliber, a man armed with only a piece of chalk, an eraser and a whistle, but capable of withstanding the deadliest bribes, insults and threats, often delivered simultaneously by the same golfer. The starter is able to handle minor emergencies himself—such as five players suddenly tearing off when only four have been called—but all requests for playing ahead of turn are referred to the supervisor of park operations who maintains a day-long vigil in the clubhouse.

Appeals to the director fall into several popular categories: *The Professional Engagement*—"I'm Dr. Smith,

and I wouldn't ordinarily bother you, but I have several patients coming to the office . . . or (variation) a serious appendectomy scheduled for one o'clock"; *The Social Engagement*—"Have a heart, pal, and let me tee off. I can just get in nine holes before my mother-in-law's funeral"; and *The*

Truth (Boat, Plane) Schedule—"You gotta let me play now. I'm sailing for Tasmania in two hours, and there ain't a golf course in the whole damn country." Not one request has been urgent or unusual enough to melt the supervisor, who after nearly 2 years at Dyker has observed human nature at its most mendacious. Before the 1930s, Dyker was a private golf club, first called Dyker Fields and then the Marine and Field Course, but from the beginning it possessed a unique Brooklyn personality. In the earliest days of the motion picture industry, according to one old hand, when the Vitagraph Studio was located in Brooklyn, Lillian Russell enacted a notable golfing sequence at the old Dyker. The story called for Miss Russell to sink her putt, and this she was able to do adequately enough in the rehearsal. When the cameras went into action, however, Miss Russell's meager golfing skill failed. The crisis was solved by an ingenious Dyker caddy who tied a string around the ball, and as Miss Russell went through the motions, the caddy gently pulled the ball into the cup. This sort of maneuver became a specialty with some Dyker caddies, one of whom figured later in a tempestuous scandal when he was accused of picking up a client's ball, racing 20 yards to the green, and dropping it in for a hole-in-one.

Some old-timers recall that the old course was a popular dumping ground for hot goods during the days of Prohibition, and even for victims of gang rides. Bodies were promptly removed, but other inanimate objects often

were not. A Ford that had been driven onto the 5th fairway remained there for years, unclaimed and gently rusting away, viewed by players after a while as simply another natural hazard.

The present enlarged city course was designed in 1934 by John R. Van Kleeck, who, with a great deal of foresight, retired to South America, thus removing himself from the range of the always-articulate Dykerites. During succeeding years Dyker became more and more streamlined, with most roughs minimized in the interest of speeding up play. Ten minutes wasted by one golfer searching for a lost ball can set off a chain reaction involving a hundred lost tempers, up to and including actual physical conflict.

One of Dyker's first pros was Brooklyn's Willy Cox, winner of the 1931 North and South Open. The five Serafelli brothers, including Frank, an amateur holder of many titles, and Tommy, the family's only professional, grew up in and on the course, starting their careers as Dyker caddies. Tommy, with his dark, John Garfield-type of good looks and impeccably tailored clothes, has raised the sartorial standard of Dyker an appreciable degree during the last few years. He and the assistant pro, Harry Dunn, give about 2,200 lessons a season, possibly a worldwide record.

Dyker has many low-handicap golfers but is famous for its beginners, especially those whose sole previous experience has consisted of hitting one painful of balls at a driving range. Duffers have been known to take 55 strokes on Dyker's first hole. One beginner attempted to play with the covers still on his clubs; another lady duffer inquired at the pro shop for a box of divots. Then there was the caddy who came back to the clubhouse sobbing indignantly: "Dat guy tell me I gotta keep my eye on his ball, and then he hooks it into the swamp. He yells, 'Put down the clubs where ya seen the ball go in,' and I done it and found the ball. But now I can't find the clubs."

Golf ball snatching, a problem at all hazy courses, has achieved the status of a science at Dyker. Among the most skilled snatchers are the small boys who operate on several fairways adjacent to the city streets. When directly accused, the boy might be standing on the ball or has just slipped it to an accomplice, but he is all snub-nosed, freckled and dirty-faced innocence. "I ain't got ya ball, mister. Wanna soich me?"

The most successful ball snatcher in Dyker's history was a harmless-looking old party who had a habit of slipping

in and wandering over the course, always leaning heavily on a bamboo stick—one end of which was later found to be hollowed out. Although balls began to disappear at an alarming rate and Dyker tempers began to soar proportionately, nobody suspected the old gentleman, who had never been seen to stoop, look at a ball, or even be aware that the game was played with little round objects. Finally the snatcher became so brazen that he stole a ball on the fairway right from under the nose of a golfer who had turned during his upswing to observe the position of the club head. The golfer completed his swing but hit only air—the ball had vanished. Completely unnerved, this Dykerite ran off yelling, "Let me outta here. Trained snakes!" Shortly afterwards a special policeman caught the old man with his capacious pockets full of balls and a Spalding Dot still concealed in the hollowed-out cane.

Not only golf balls but larger objects, even rain shelters, when they had them several years ago, were pilfered at Dyker. The wooden shelters, standard on almost every course, lasted here only until winter, when ice skaters using the swampy pond chopped them up for fuel. Plans at one time were made to erect cement block shelters, stark and monolithic, but incapable of being burned, knocked down, or carted off by Brooklyn burghers or burglars.

BLOOD BROTHERS

It is inevitable that regular Dyker players should tend to seek the solace of one another's company during non-golfing hours too. After a five-hour wait and five hours of playing, the Dykerite is apt to feel strange and lost in the outside world and in need of the companionship of his own kind. Three social clubs—the Shore View, the Brooklyn Golf club and Brookridge (for women only)—have arisen. The second was dedicated to the improvement of golf etiquette on the course—no fighting, replace divots, no throwing clubs. The organizations all take official notice of wives and children of members, who are encouraged to emerge at intervals from wherever golfers customarily stow their families and mingle with the Dyker world. It is a common sight on Sunday to see a golfer in the Dyker cafeteria, sweaty, dirty and rumpled, being visited by his wife and little ones dressed in their pretty, starched, churchgoing clothes.

One weekend a wife who had decided she'd had just about enough, arrived not with the children but with a policeman to arrest her golfer

husband on a charge of neglect. However, during the week they came to an understanding, and by golf time the following Sunday, they were both at the course, honeymooners again, ready for a round of play.

There was the other golfer who had waited four lengthy hours to tee off, when a phone message arrived, informing him that his wife was being rushed to the maternity hospital. He picked up his clubs and started to run; then stopped, looked back, and yelled in anguish, "Hey, don't take my number off the board!"

Dyker was even host to a fugitive from justice, the operator of a stolen-car racket. This sportsman, after dutifully paying his greens fee, was not extracted from his hideout near the pond for several days.

And then there was the man, fast becoming a legend, who appeared at the clubhouse on a stormy day with a bag of what looked like golf clubs slung over his shoulder. Stepping out to the first tee in a cloudburst, he drew a bow from the bag and shot an arrow toward the green. He then walked up to the arrow, imbedded in the grass of the fairway, and shot it again, reaching the green in two. The archer finished the 18 holes slightly over par, walked back through the clubhouse in his soaking clothes, and disappeared into the Brooklyn streets, never to be seen again. The spectacle had a curious unreal quality to the few who had observed it, but they were unsurprised. This was Dyker.

Some stalwart golfers profess to have read a newspaper article telling of the



proposed building of a new course in Brooklyn—undoubtedly the fantasy of a sports reporter of the late Brooklyn *Eagle* on a dull day when the Dodgers weren't playing. A few Dykerites, credulous and hopeful, even claim to have seen bulldozers at work on this new course. They are vague about the location, however, and no two accounts are exactly alike. It is very possible that the whole story can be explained as a unique combination of daydream and mirage, compounded out of the pungent Gowanus air and the fertile Brooklyn imagination. (END)

THE QUEEN'S HUNDRED

Once each year the best shots in the British Empire assemble at the English town of Bisley to compete for the Queen's Prize, most coveted rifle championship in the world. A 41-year-old engineer, Bob Fenwick,



Garden party clothes notwithstanding, spectator Edna Wallace hits the dirt for a better look



Traditional wear at Bisley is club tie and worn by hopeful but apprehensive



As Queen's Hundred shoot it off, the long firing line disappears into the distance. Sellers keep score during the match

emerged as this year's winner after the finalists, known traditionally as the "Queen's Hundred," shot it out under a hot sun, and incidentally provided some memorable pictures of a very British sporting look



team colors around bush holes, here spectators in the members' enclosure



Merjerie Foster (62), only woman ever to win Queen's Prize, tried again





Handling heavy Lee-Enfield rifle like veteran, 67-year-old widow Minnie Francis checks her score through mounted telescope



Heirloom hat is treasured hallmark (right) who swells turn with



Monocled and mustached army major bristled through pre-match rifle inspection



Typical of bizarre-looking competitors was this group chatting while waiting their turn



of 70-year-old Bill McCrirk
former winner Arthur Fulton



Looking every inch the big game hunter, last year's winner
Major George Twine squeezes off another round in preliminary match



Triumphant winner of Queen's Prize and champion of the Commonwealth,
ex-Home Guardsman Bob Fenwick is chair-borne around clubhouses for victory toasts



THE LURE and cause of it all was this picture in SI of small boy and big trout

AH, FOR TROUT IN TITICACA!

Spurred by an SI picture, a happy if not quite complacent angler journeys to Bolivia in search of record rainbows

by ELMO C. WILSON

SOMEHOW a dog-eared copy of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** (Feb. 14) had crept into my briefcase when I took off for Latin America. Ten days later I was sitting in Caracas' Hotel Tamanaco devouring a brief story titled *Trout in the Clouds*. What had me breathing heavily was an accompanying photograph by Fenno Jacobs showing a Bolivian Indian boy on the shores of Lake Titicaca clutching to his breast, and practically buried under, a huge rainbow trout.

I reread the story to make sure that Senator Hickenlooper had actually caught a 34-pounder a few weeks earlier. I also rechecked schedules to satisfy myself I had four days of a long weekend free before my next conference in Santiago, Chile. A quick glance at the map of South America showed La Paz, Bolivia, the jumping-off place for Lake Titicaca, not too far off the route to Santiago. And a conference with the airlines people revealed that I could get to La Paz Friday noon by flying to Maracaibo, Barranquilla, and then overnight from Panama City to Lima.

So here I was Friday morning sitting in a DC-4 toggled out in an oxygen mask, flying the uphill course over the deserts, jungles and Andes of Peru to Bolivia's Altiplano. In the classic expression of other intrepid voyagers into the unknown, "little did I realize"—either from Brother Jacobs' eye-catching pictures or their accompanying blurbs—that to snatch those rainbow beauties from their ethereal waves was to require a bit more doing and quite a bit more fortitude than I had planned on.

The oxygen equipment discouraged serious reading and gave me plenty of time to speculate. Remembering the exhilaration of three- and four-pound squaretails and salmon taken on a light rod at Dana McNally's island camp at Portage, Maine, I found it difficult even to imagine the pleasures of hauling in on light tackle one of the Brobdingnagian beauties ahead. Of course I had no tackle whatever with me. This seemed a minor handicap at the moment. The Man-from-Mars setup I was sporting as we sailed along at 18,000 feet past the snow-capped Andes might have been a warning of altitudinal problems to follow. But I had successfully weathered the 7,000 feet of Mexico City without getting the customary "Mexico City stomach." The 12,500-foot altitude of the Bolivian capital wasn't worrying me a bit.



"STARTING OUT FROM JORDEN'S FARM FROGGER, MY MUST AND I POSE FOR PORTRAIT"

Arriving at the La Paz airport about noon, I cleared customs, bought a few bolivianos at 2,500 to the dollar, and grabbed a cab for the Sucre Palace.

The road down from the Altiplano to the city 1,000 feet below had me clutching at the seat of the battered Chevrolet I got only a fleeting glimpse of the majestic saddle-backed Illimani towering over the city like a patron father, being much too busy applying body English to assist the driver around the hairpin turns. After setting in at the hotel, I came breezily down to the tourist agency in the lobby to inquire about renting transportation, gear, guide and boat for a fishing expedition I confidently expected to start that afternoon. The gal at the agency gave me my first jolt. Her ignorance of fishing on Titicaca was colossal.

Well, there were big trout in Titicaca, weren't there?

"Si señor, hay muchos peces grandes."

Well then, how did one go about killing them?

"No se, señor."

No guides. No place to rent tackle. No suggestions on boats for hire. She had nothing better to suggest than a trek to the main office of the tourist bureau about a mile and a half away—a mile and a half uphill, I might say.

Fortified by a quick lunch, I started out for the main tourist office. And now for the first time I began to realize the vast difference between Mexico City's 7,000 feet and La Paz's more than 12,000 feet. Putting one foot carefully ahead of the other, I finally made it. But by the time I arrived I was in no shape to press my case. In any

event, the very courteous attendants had no more information to offer than did the little girl at the branch office in the hotel. I caught a cab back to the comfort of the Sucre Palace and climbed into bed to assuage my splitting headache. Three hours later I was awakened by a sharp shooting pain around the temples. I descended feebly to the hotel lobby determined to question any likely-looking American tourist with a fishy gleam in his eye. A couple of my fellow countrymen were indeed jolling around in the overstuffed leather. If anything, they were in worse shape than I. They weren't exactly impolite, more preoccupied. Just pointed to their heads and groaned. I gave up and went back to bed, still nursing that headache which by now had a queasy stomach for company.

Saturday morning I was no better, albeit a lot colder. The temperature had dipped to 35 during the night and

La Paz is uphill), located the club and introduced myself as a stranger from the North who happened to be a member of The Players in New York and the American Club in London. Did they have a policy of reciprocal privileges for such outlanders?

The Bolivian secretary of the club couldn't have been more cordial. He promptly escorted me to the bar and introduced me to Fadrique, another Bolivian, whom I was soon calling Freddie. Freddie wasn't a fisherman himself, but he pointed out a third Bolivian gentleman sitting in a booth who was the owner of a cabin cruiser on Lake Titicaca. Two Martins later he motioned Jorge, the boat owner, over to the bar where again I outlined my problem.

Both Freddie and Jorge listened with sympathetic understanding. Another two Martins and Jorge had agreed to pick me up at the hotel at



"THE CAPTAIN GIVES LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS AS PARTY SHOVS OFF FROM 'YACHT CLUB'."

I had acquired a tooth-chattering chill that almost destroyed both my bridge-work and my resolution. I spent the day flat on my back.

Sunday dawned cold and clear. Fortunately, also, my head had cleared enough for me to realize that time was slipping by fast and that I had only that day and the next to decimate the rainbow trout population of Bolivia. Finding a sunny spot in the little park in front of the hotel, I sat down to celebrate. Finally, about 5 in the afternoon, I felt well enough to contemplate a drink in the small bar adjoining the hotel lobby. This I should have thought of earlier. Here for the first time I encountered hope.

The Anglo-Argentinian bartender not only made good *pisco* sours, he also had ideas. When I explained my predicament he knew of no place where gear, guides, etc., were available for hire, but he did volunteer that if anybody could help me it would be the members of the Anglo-American Club a few blocks up the street. I carefully climbed the hill again (everything in

7:15 the next morning. Freddie was to come along, too. I breathed the rarefied air of La Paz easier.

Promptly at the appointed time Monday a.m., my two hosts drove up in a jeep station wagon and we started up the serpentine road to the Altiplano and the lake beyond. The drive across the Altiplano to the lake went through some of the most barren moonlike country on this planet. A scattering of adobe Indian huts along the way gave testimony to the fact that a few potatoes could be persuaded to sprout in the rocky soil, but this wasn't the growing season and there was nothing to relieve the pebbly wasteland except an occasional mangy eucalyptus tree.

About an hour out on the bumpy gravel road, Freddie, shouting to be heard over the motor's din, indicated that we were approaching Jorge's farm where we were to stop briefly while the *patrón* checked on things with his manager. The farm turned out to be a *finc* of some 5,000 *hectáreas*, populated by 250 Indian families. Jorge noted casually that the *finc* had been



JORGE AND INDIAN BOY
MOSES DISCUSS DAVE'S FISHING STRATEGY"

several thousand *hectáreas* larger until the agrarian reform three years earlier when he had had to parcel out 10 *hectáreas* each to several hundred additional Indian families who had been working his land. We honked our way carefully through the stray cattle and a couple of herds of llamas into the courtyard of the farm. After a brief chat over whiskies with the farm manager, we picked up Jorge's fishing gear, the remainder of the whisky and started again for the lake.

Titicaca, when first sighted, is something of a shock, lying as it does so high above the approaching road. An irrigation specialist with a bulldozer would have a field day cutting a channel to flood some of the waters out onto the Altiplano. I was soon admiring the perfection of the numerous *lanchas de totora*, the graceful boats fashioned by the Indians from the reeds which grow along the shore. We were greeted at the Yacht Club by Herr Reehling, the "Captain." My inquisitiveness over

continued on page 60



"WHAT A PHOTOGRAPHER"
FREDDIE MISSES THE BEST PART"

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SO—season opened (or opened), **SC**—season closed (or closed), **C**—clear water, **D**—water dirty or seamy, **M**—water muddy, **N**—water at normal height, **SH**—slightly high, **H**—high, **VH**—very high, **L**—low, **R**—rising, **F**—falling, **WT50**—water temperature 50°, **FG**—fishing good, **FF**—fishing fair, **FP**—fishing poor, **OG**—outlook good, **OP**—outlook poor.

TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Sierra roadside fishing spotty but lakes and nose-home anglers getting away limits. Hot spots on east slope: Mildred and Genevieve lakes (Coyote Creek basin); Tyne, Marie, Chocolate, Bishop and Saddlerock (Bishop Creek basin); Twin lakes, Robinson Creek, East Walker River and Green Lakes (Bridgeport area), Riddleburg, Tioga and other waters of Tioga Pass road **FF**, **G**, **WF**. Best bets on west slope: upper reaches of Kaweah, Kern, Kings and Merced rivers. In northern and central regions, lower waters are slow because of hot weather and algae but hard-to-reach waters are good (just at start side of Lake Almanor and near Hamilton branch mouth, with flow). Twin, Silver lakes in American River headwaters **FF**, **G**; tribe of Cow, Cedar and Natchez creeks in Pit River region **FF**, **OF**.

MAINE: Heavy rains last week came too late to help trout as SC Aug. 15, but saved thousands of brookies trapped in trickling tribe.

MINNESOTA: When General Mack Clark prepared to fish for trout in last water below dam at North Lake, Guide Eddie George fetched felt-soled wading shoes, when the General started to put them on he found size right but three for left foot. Eddie thought about this, said, "General, now you know how I felt for both years in the Army." Clark wore shoes, found **FG**, **OG**.

NEW MEXICO: Lower streams River **FF**, Johnson Lake **FG**. Most streams **R** or **SD** and in general **OP**. Chama and Brazos rivers recently stocked and improved by rains. **OG**. Jerome area reports **FF**, **OF**, Pecos Lake good, Navajo and Zuni Indian reservations offer **FG** for fly-fishers **OG**. All streams **L**, **C**. Fly-fishing good on Deschutes, Crooked, McKenna and Santitas rivers, and **OG**, trout 10 days, season **OG**. **OG** trailing best in tide-water, spawning most productive in upper streams.

MICHIGAN: Although cold front was moving in last Sunday and promised relief to drought-damaged streams, veteran troutmen are already setting 1953 season lake records at Muskegon; **OP**.

WASHINGTON: Creeks of upper Skagit are in good shape and **OVG** for rainbows and darters on eggs, flies and worms at Bacon, Goodell, N. side, Dismal, Jordan and Grand creeks. Most high lakes now well defended and **OVG** for first parties in Icicle River area lakes **FG**, **OG**. Dosewallips, Hanama Hamma (Ho), (For rainbows to 22 inches try dunking brown backie, codie lake or Cushman haddock in cage, then popholes of Hanama Hamma River 3½ miles above mouth.)

COLORADO: Steamboat Springs area spy says Elk, Yampa and Snake rivers **L** but **SD**, **FF** with flies, bait and spinners; all small streams **L**, **C**, **FF**, **G**. In Glenwood Springs area, the Colorado, Fryer Pan, Roaring Fork and Crystal rivers are muddy, **FF**, **OF**. At Canon City, Arkansas River **FF**, **OF**.

SALISBURY, FLORIDA: As a few calls were reported last week from the Keys, Tampa charter boats reported snafish (trout) seen in Gulf waters; 25 to 30 miles off Pinellas beaches; William Laffoon of Dayton, Ohio boated 35-pounder after 43 minutes, 12 jumps.

WEAVER, FLORIDA: Sea trout are news again on west coast, with fly catches from Piney Point, Crookneck Bay, Buhner's Harbor and other grassy spots in Tampa area; best bet in Muller Key Light shoal.

NEW JERSEY: **OG** for small fish in Barnegat Bay (using shrimp chum). **OF** for big fish at night (cut-fishing with shadler crab bait). **OF** for surfers at Long Beach Island, Wildwood, Ocean City and Cape May.

LOUISIANA: Speckle fishing has slowed a lot in Lake Pontchartrain, but along most of the

Louisiana coast there's fine sport at high tide. **FG** in Barataria Bay and **OG** through most week. Oil rigs in Empire area are still popular with fish and fishermen.

BLACK BASIN, PENNSYLVANIA: No ill wind, Cora dumped 2 inches of rain to lighten bass prospects all over state. Allegheny River (especially National Forest area) should be producing well this week; Lake Conemaugh and Conestoga Lake, agents say **FG**, **OG** for large and smallmouth bass to 3 pounds, with some of best action between 10 a.m. and noon. In central Pennsylvania, rivers were over banks at press time but **OG** as water recedes. Newly appointed Fish Commissioner John Gynolde proved there are still bass to be caught when he removed 2½-inch 5-pound smallmouth from Juniata River using spinning rod and 1½-ounce topwater plug and helped preserve hallowed traditions of the sport by declining to reveal lucky spot.

FLORIDA: In northern state, St. Johns River and Lake George near Welaka are best bets for big bass (try fly rod and popping bugs at daybreak). In SW Florida, Deers Lake near West white-bell and Apalachicola River are top producers. Old reliable Little Lake Harris near Leesburg still burning up the league with big-mouths averaging close to 5 pounds. And Tommy Tambling, camp operator at Heminford (75 miles N of Tampa), looks dead certain to put bass under his dock. When they grab them, he says **FG**, **OG**; when they spurn them, he predicts **FP**.

MISSISSIPPI: Current River **L**, **FG** with plugs and live bait. **OG**, Jacks Fork too low to float except after heavy rain. **FP** except in deep holes.

TAMPA: FLORIDA: When tarpon-fisherman John Wallace of St. Petersburg tried his luck at Mullet Key in south of Tampa harbor he hooked something heavy, after 70 minutes landed 250-pound jackie.

LOUISIANA: Donald James of New Orleans went out on Lake Pontchartrain last Wednesday in his new boat, made one cast with spoon, landed 30-pound tarpon; **FG** and **OG** rest of August. Spy reports Old Wire Island Pass in lower Terrebonne Parish is hot spot and **OVG**.

WABLER, TEXAS: Mrs. Don Beaman of Victoria raised temperatures in coastal-head area with catch of 20 fish, over 2½ pounds blue marlin, first of season, near Port Aransas.

MUSKELUNGE, PENNSYLVANIA: **OG** in upper Allegheny as high water and cool nights put muskies in mind of a square meal.

WISCONSIN: **OG** as cooler weather sets in; best reports from Sawyer and Oneida counties. (Two 28-pounders removed from Lake Chippewa last week, one 30-pounder from Dam Lake.)

MINNESOTA: Action slowed last week despite cooler weather but 30 big fish (to 40 pounds) caught on Leech Lake at Walker; action has shifted from Federal Dam end of lake to Walker Bay and Pelican Island; pike-minnow plugs best producers.

NEW YORK: Chautauque Lake muskies are beginning to cut up and take interest in plugs and spoons, and outlook is promising.

BLUEFISH: NEW JERSEY: At press time our spy and reader knew how Connie had secured arbores but predicted good offshore fishing through September 20, with best spot spots Island Beach and Long Beach Island.

MASSACHUSETTS: Hatteras beachhug loosed all Cape and north shore fishing except at Cape Cod Canal where blues are starting to cut up, with fastest action at dawn, using eelbait; **OG**.

FOOTBALL

by HERMAN HICKMAN

THE ALL-STARS OUTPROOGE THE PROS
AT CHICAGO AND GENERALLY HAD A
NIGHT FOR THEMSELVES GAMBLING
THROUGHTHE TOUGH BROWNS DEFENSES

WHEN THE diminutive and port-footed Tad Weed kicked his third field goal of the evening at 8:33 of the fourth quarter, the outcome of the game for all intent and purposes was settled. The kick that locked the game at All-Stars 30, Browns 20 looked like the last shot out of a Roman candle as it started in flight from 41 yards out. Then a kindly breeze caught it and lifted it over the cross bars with a few feet to spare. Despite a desperate 80-yard drive by the Browns in seven plays to make the final score 30-27 with a little over 2 minutes to go, this was the end.

Actually, Weed's first field goal early in the game may have been more important than his last. This was the original lift the All-Stars needed, and even though the lead changed six times, the All-Stars never felt themselves out of contention. That was the difference between this squad and other All-Star teams of the past.

In my story last week I said in a rather verbose and corny-sounding way: "Unless the professionals treat the game as an outright exhibition or underestimate the intangible of unafraid youth caught fire with a winning desire, the All-Stars' cause is hopeless." And without taking any credit away from a masterful coaching job and the brilliant performance of the All-Stars, this could have happened. Paul Brown said after the game: "I couldn't convince them they had a game on their hands. The difference in the ball game was the word, *desire*. We were just yawning and going through the motions."

The late Arch Ward would have really enjoyed this game, for the All-Stars actually "outproed" the pros. Head Coach Curley Lambeau and his assistants Steve Owen, Hampton Pool and Hunk Anderson presented the most imaginative and polished offensive and defensive schemes in the entire 22 years of the series. Ralph Guglielmi, playing the entire game at offensive quarterback, directed the attack with unbelievable poise. With ends split wide and backfield flankers set to the right or left, he got the plays off with such quickness that the Browns' defensive

unit had trouble adjusting to the strength of the formation. "Guglie" completed 10 out of 19 passes for 129 yards. One was a beautifully conceived touchdown pass to End Henry Hair, ex of Georgia Tech, toward the finish of the second quarter and another went to Halfback L. G. Dupre, ex of Baylor and Baltimore draftee, good for 20 yards to the one-yard line early in the fourth quarter. This was probably the outstanding play of the game. The ball was arched high in the air and directed at the flag in the coffin corner where Dupre caught it going out of bounds. Throughout, the pass protection afforded Guglielmi by the All-Star blockers was superb. Seldom was he pressed or hurried. It was a defense that reminded you of the Browns at their best.

GROUND-CONTROL APPROACH

Complete control of the ball was the most unexpected feature of the All-Stars' attack. There is a tried and true maxim around the pros that you can't win games running with the ball. In the third quarter the All-Stars made a monkey of the notion. Their domination was so complete that Cleveland didn't get possession for the first

7 minutes. In the whole period, they never made a first down. Meanwhile the All-Star backs ran over Cleveland tackles as though they owned them. Dickie Moege, Frank Eidom, Mel Triplett and Bobby Watkins consorted with the always irrepressible Dupre to make life miserable for the Cleveland defense. The All-Stars' ground attack netted a magnificent 200 yards in all.

Cleveland showed brilliant flashes but it did not have the consistency of the All-Stars on attack. Several times the Browns staged unstoppable marches, during which they blended their passing and running beautifully. George Ratterman's debut as a regular was a good one. His ball handling was above reproach and his passing pinpointed as long as he had sufficient protection. Of course, Paul Brown still calls the plays from the bench by alternating substitutions on every play. Ray Renfro ran like the wind. Maurice Basset is a replica of the aging Marion Motley, and the fine Italian hand of Dante Lavelli still has the touch of greatness. But the glaring deficiency in the Browns' offense was not of their own making. They just couldn't get the ball.

A rabid Browns fan thought the team would have fared better with Otto Graham back at quarter. I think Graham is the greatest, but even he can't do much with the ball unless he gets his hands on it. I know one thing for sure, the defensive platoon of the Cleveland Browns will be much improved the next time out, because they will receive full mental and physical attention this week. (K.H.D.)



"Roin's stopped."

HORSES

by WHITNEY TOWER

NASHUA IS IN TRAINING AT OLD SARATOGA AND LOOKS LIKE A MILLION—OR ABOUT ONE-HALF THE NET AT THE YEARLING SALES

AT SARATOGA, which happily stands out in this dizzy age of commercialized sport as one of the few surviving localities where tradition retains the significance it deserves, they haven't been having much luck. Stifling heat the first week and almost continuous rain last week forced attendance down 17%; and, of course, the mutual handle took a similar dive. Nonetheless there were some newsworthy happenings at the country's oldest operating race track. Item one is Nashua, who is training there for his match race against Swaps at Chicago's Washington Park on August 31. Item two is the 35th annual Fasig-Tipton Company yearling sales.

Nashua, you will recall, ran—and won—his last race in the Arlington Classic on July 16. Since that first foray to the Midwest the colt has been living in stall 49, barn 35, just off Saratoga's Oklahoma training track.

Among those immediately concerned with the state of Nashua's well-being there abounds a feeling of quiet—not outspoken—confidence that their horse will on August 31 gain revenge for his loss to Swaps in the Kentucky Derby. "The rest up here has done him worlds of good," says Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Nashua's trainer. "He's put on a little weight—now weighs about 1,250 pounds—and stands 16.2

hands. There's no telling how much good it does a horse to spend a month in this satisfying climate. The good air, cool nights and easy workouts have relaxed him a great deal after a very hard spring and summer campaign. I know he'll be ready to run when he leaves here. Then, if he isn't the best horse, well, that's too bad."

THE EASY LIFE

With the exception of a couple of days of complete rest since his return from Chicago, the eastern 3-year-old champion has been given some work every day. His usual routine has been a slow and leisurely two-mile gallop on the training track. He has had a couple of workouts on the main track, but has yet to be asked for any real speed. "When a horse is in good condition to start with," says Mr. Fitz, "he doesn't need too much hard work. He'll get a few more—maybe a half a dozen—workouts on the main track before we ship to Chicago. He'll probably get only one good workout on the Washington Park track before the match race."

Nashua's popularity at Saratoga (like Native Dancer, when Nashua steps on the main track in the morning it is an occasion for all other work to cease) is nonetheless earning him comparatively few match-race supporters. Among a couple of dozen jockeys and

trainers I questioned on the subject, Swaps was the choice by a 4 to 1 margin. The mutual feeling was quite simple: on the basis of their only other race Swaps won fairly and looked like the better horse. Nothing Nashua has shown has influenced a change of mind. If you want to say Nashua has improved, what about Swaps? To see him do so many things so incredibly easily, you have to become a believer.

None of the commotion over the race is apparently bothering Nashua in the least. He is the center of interest in the stable area and likes it fine. Visitors are constantly arriving to look at him. When newswire and flash cameras go into action Nashua, like a born actor, senses the importance of the occasion and enjoys "hamming it up."

Nashua's personal life is carefully regulated by his private groom, Allie Robertson. "He's a model horse," says Allie. "He has a good temperament, he's a good doer and a good shipper." The day begins for Nashua when his personal night watchman, James Driscoll, brings him a breakfast of three quarts of oats (whole and crushed) and replenishes his hayrack at 3:30 a.m. At 6:30 Groom Robertson checks in and removes all the remaining hay from the rack "so his stomach will be empty when it's time for his workout." Following the work, which usually is held around 8:30, Nashua is washed, rubbed down, dried off, cooled out for 20 minutes and then allowed to graze on grass for about an hour. Back in his stall by 10:30 he gets lunch: four quarts of oats, more hay and water. At 3:30 in the afternoon he is taken out for a 20-minute walk and another hour of grazing. The day is over following six additional quarts of oats for dinner at 4:30.

Robertson estimates that in addition to his carefully regulated diet of 13 quarts of oats a day, Nashua consumes some 26 pounds of hay and drinks about 20 gallons of water during every 24-hour cycle. The water, by the way, is bottled Mountain Valley Water from Hot Springs, Ark., which Mr. Fitz got into the habit of feeding to some horses after Gallant Fox refused to drink "Chicago water" at the Arlington Classic of 1930.

Mr. Fitz looked wistfully out the office window at a stable hand piling the five-gallon bottles of Arkansas water. His eyes shifted quickly to another carload of arriving visitors. Then with a cheerful smile, he said, "I've been training a long time. I've won a lot of races and lost a lot, too. But with all these nice people taking so much interest in this horse and wishing us so



"Hold it! He's just been shipped to the minors."

much good luck, I guess this is one race I'd really like to win."

Although they lacked a consignment from the Aga Khan's stable, this year's Saratoga yearling sales were nonetheless a whopping success from nearly every point of view. A total of 234 head went under Auctioneer George Swinebroad's hammer for an average price of \$5,374 and the total exchange of money was \$2,193,500. This was, as you probably know, not as high as the Keeneland sales where a few weeks ago the Breeders' Sales Co. disposed of 346 yearlings for an all-time U.S. record average of \$11,167. The big difference in the two averages seems to lie in two factors. First, because the Keeneland yearlings were culled out of an original list of 773 candidates, those who made the final catalogue were of the highest stock available in the country—making the Keeneland ring, this year at least, more of a horseman's market. Secondly, the Texas and Oklahoma oil money, along with California buyers, came in only to Keeneland and not Saratoga.

ONLY THE GOOD


At both sales, however, there was an unmistakable common trend: a great deal of money was spent for every well-bred horse. But buyers are becoming more selective than ever. The market for medium-bred yearlings remains, while the market for unpopularly-bred horses is hitting rock bottom. Ira Drymon, president of the Thoroughbred Club of America, credits the satisfactory results of both sales as a reflection on the more or less healthy business conditions through the country. "Even the encouraging reports from Geneva," he said, "prompted an awareness on the part of the breeding industry that we are living in an age of great prosperity."

Incidentally, the top auction price of the summer (and second highest in U.S. history) was the \$80,000 paid by Tulsa oilman Forrest H. Lindsay for a Nasrullah colt which he presented to his two daughters as a reward for improvement in their school grades. The top price at Saratoga was \$44,000 paid by Mrs. Anson Bigelow for a chestnut Citation colt out of Miss Brief. Runner-up honors went to Miss Eleonora R. Sears, the Prides Crossing, Mass. sportswoman of considerable athletic fame (SI, August 23, 1954). Miss Sears, who used to think nothing of walking from Providence to Boston (fastest trip: nine hours, 53 minutes), gave up \$43,000 for a colt by Blue Peter.

(END)

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TENNIS

AT KALAMAZOO THE DAVIS CUP CAPTAIN AND DON BUDGE SEE THE YOUNG PLAYERS COMING UP AND PRONOUNCE THEM FINE

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

AMERICA's tennis incubator is a quiet, sylvan plot of good Michigan earth which 51 weeks a year serves as the campus of Kalamazoo College. The 52nd week it is devoted to hatching the court greats of tomorrow.

It is the scene of the National Junior and Boys' Tennis Championships. For this one week the campus crawls with bright-eyed tykes in white pants, all totting tennis rackets and all imbued with one burning aim: to become a champion and some day represent the U.S. in Davis Cup competition.

With Don Budge, coach of the Junior Davis Cup squad in the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's development program, I attended the recent championships in Kalamazoo, Mich.

Both of us returned home with the comfortable assurance that, cries of the alarmists to the contrary, we are not about to yield our international tennis supremacy to any nation.

"I think these boys are much better generally than when I was playing in the juniors," commented the red-haired Budge, one of our all-time great champions. Although mine was a slightly later era, I had to agree.

All of our top players down through the years have cut their competitive teeth in this tournament. Budge did. So did Vines, Kramer and Tony Trabert, who, incidentally, never got past the semifinals. The present crop of teen-agers can stand up to any.

More than by any individual player or group of players I was struck, I think, by the magnitude of the operation, the professional efficiency of it and the pleasant, homey atmosphere generated throughout the week. It's a grand show.

There were 236 players in the junior and boys' divisions. The little city of Kalamazoo threw its entire civic weight behind the project. Dr. Weimer K. Hicks, president of the college, was honorary referee. The tournament itself, however, was conducted by Dr. Allen B. Stowe, head of Kalamazoo's chemistry department, who served as referee and had everything functioning clockwork fashion. Dr. Stowe, an

official of the USLTA, was responsible for establishing the event at the college some 13 years ago. Since then his untiring efforts have accomplished a Herculean task.

On the first day there were 105 matches. Play started at 8 o'clock in the morning, with scores of sleepy-eyed youngsters on the courts, and lasted until around 8:30 p.m. It was an amazing sight—and an impressive one—to see all the embryo Budges and Kramers in action.

It was curious to watch the parents. For most lads on the scene there was a parent or guardian, an uncle or aunt or home-town well-wisher. Budge and I several times caught ourselves watching the anxious parents during the matches. They bit their nails. They squirmed. They fidgeted. The boys didn't need salt tablets for spent energy; the parents did.

It was a cross section of America. Ogden Phipps, the Long Island race horse owner, was there with his son Ogden Jr. Then there was the father from the Pacific Coast who saved his nickels and dimes to give his boy, a public parks player, his big chance. Johnny Nogrady, a top professional, chaperoned a group of some 20 Long Island boys to the tournament.

Each player was given room and board in the dormitories for \$5 a day. Coaches and families were given the same modest rates. The social life was confined to the campus. The competitors spent idle moments reading, playing table tennis and other games.

The tournament was conducted big-league style all the way. There was a referee for every match, a scoreboard at every court. The youngsters displayed impeccable court manners. The tree-fringed Stowe Stadium seats 1,500. It was filled several times.

HIGH IN TALENT

Just to show you how rich we are in junior talent, Mike Green of Miami Beach, Fla., the top-seeded favorite in his division and a junior member of the Davis Cup squad we took to Australia last year, was beaten in the quarterfinals by Art Andrews of Iowa City, Iowa, an area better known for its corn than its courtmen. Andrews lost in the finals to Esteban Reyes, an intense, alert Mexican who has been playing on his country's Davis Cup team.

The boys' title was won by Ned Neely of Atlanta, Bitzy Grant's home town. He defeated the favorite, Earl Buchholz of St. Louis, in the finals. Other impressive players in the tournament were Ron Holmberg, the big

blond boy from Brooklyn; Earl Baumgardner of Oakland, Calif.; Greg Grant of San Marino, Calif.; Maxwell Brown of Louisville, Ky. and Crawford Henry of Atlanta, Ga. They're all real comers.

Four or five years from now, perhaps less, a couple of these boys will be in the center court at Forest Hills defending the Davis Cup. Which one? Your guess is as good as mine. **END**

BOXING

THE MESSRS. CARBO AND MORRIS HAD BETTER SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE. APPPPFF'S POTENTIAL 40 MILLIONS CAN'T BE WRONG

by BUDD SCHULBERG

WAS'VE been getting a good deal of mail lately that winds up with "Yours in the APPPPFF" or gets under way with "As a charter member of the APPPPFF . . ." The APPPPFF, you may remember, was a non-organized organization, conceived in levity and dedicated to the proposition that we were for boxing as the daddy of contact sports and were therefore somewhat dismayed at what seemed to us to be the game's determination to destroy itself through its own stupidity, cupidity and what we call ferocity. This means simply too few promoters, too few managers, and a lack of the old-time competition that once kept fight clubs alive all over the country.

Well, darned if people didn't write in they wanted to join. It's a little frightening. I mean these things have a way of snowballing. If we aren't careful the APPPPFF will have 40 million members and we'll have to build a 10-story building and elect a board of directors. God forbid.

Where did we get the 40 million? From George Gallup, no less. The man with the educated crystal ball out in Princeton, N.J. has now tuckered an experimental thumb into the boxing pie and has come up with a statistical plum that four out of every 10 TV viewers question the integrity of boxing as a sport. When the question was put like this, "Do you think that any of the boxing matches which you see on television are 'fixed' or not?" 40% answered, "Yes, some are fixed." In other words, according to the American Institute of Public Opinion, some 24 million guys and 17 million dolls are watching the Wednesday and Friday

night fist fighters with a jaundiced eye. Only one in every four gave boxing a clean bill of health. Another third had no stomach for the fights or had no opinion. When Gallup narrowed his sampling from the general public to those who say they follow boxing, the percentage of jaundiced eyes was even higher, 48%; as against 37% who seemed to be happy with boxing as it is.

More alarming, on the basis of his poll, the Doctor has galloped to the conclusion that 40 million Americans would do away with boxing if the decision were left to them. If I were the IBC, or if I were Mr. Pabst or Mr. Gillette, I'd be pretty worried about those figures. I wouldn't wait for the commissars to tap me on the wrist with a \$2,500 fine for consorting with the likes of Frankie Carbo. It was all right to bag one once in a while when it was only for the 10,000 in the Garden. But we're in homes all over the country now. People are demanding that we run this on the straight up-and-up, like baseball, or clear out of the American arenas.

A MESSAGE FOR CARBO

That's what the APPFFF (with its potential non-membership of 40 million) would like Mr. Norris to tell Mr. Carbo and his friends, who have done their best (or worst) to besmirch boxing as the black sheep of the American sports family.

At the same time, just to keep things in perspective, it may be that the boxing scandals have distorted the public's conception of the make-or-break drama behind 99 out of 100 fights. They aren't advertised vaudeville like the wrestling. A Hurricane Jackson gets in there and takes his chances. He knocks out Bucceroni and he's a big \$10 man. Valdes puts him down and he's back to two bits. The same with Charles the other night. If he had gotten over the clownish Jackson he might have made more money this year than a Young & Rubicam vice president. Most of the fights you see are not only in earnest, but decide the direction of careers. It takes a whole season for the Yankees. Just one night can do for Boardwalk Billy Smith and a lot of the other boys. Most of the time they're fighting for real.

But if three fights a year are rotten apples it can make for a pretty sour barrel. If I had the game in my pocket I wouldn't waste my ammunition on the critics who would like to see boxing saved from itself. I'd turn my artillery on the boys who treat the game as if it were their own private slum. **END**

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BOATING

by EZRA BOWEN

PREDICTED LOG RACES OFFER POWER
CRUISER SKIPPERS A COMBINATION OF
STIFF NAUTICAL COMPETITION AND A
RELAXING CRUISE WITH THE FAMILY

Two run the course laid out on the map below, zig-zagging through the rocky, tide-ripped islands between Bellingham, Wash. and Vancouver Island, 141 power cruisers nosed out recently into mist and rain squalls that drove across Bellingham Bay. The boats ranged in size from 20-foot outboard cruisers to a converted 81-foot air-sea rescue cutter. The fleet, biggest of its kind in the U.S. this year, had a long way to go—115 miles by nightfall; but unlike most other races in the world, no one was trying to get there first. This was a predicted log race, specifically the 24th International Cruiser Race, and the skippers were testing not the speed of the boats but their own ability to navigate.

In a predicted log race, the captain of each boat, setting certain speeds for himself and calculating wind and tide, predicts exactly how long he thinks it will take him to navigate a prescribed course. There are certain check points along the course—four in the Bellingham race—and the skipper must also predict the precise moment when he feels he will pass these check points.

From the moment of the start until after the finish, all timepieces and in fact all navigation instruments but the compass and engine rpm indicator are covered. The only uncovered clock allowed on board is held by a special observer who notes the actual times the boat passes the check points. He keeps this information to himself until after the race. Scores are made by calculating the margin of error between the predicted times and those actually recorded by the observer.

Predicted log contests are leisurely affairs for which the only real qualification is a suitable boat. For this delightfully simple reason they are becoming more popular every year with a growing species of men who like the water but also like to have their families with them. One typical entrant at Bellingham, SI's reporter Joseph Miller noted, was Walter M. Hupp, a mason contractor from Seattle, whose crew was made up of his wife and two daughters, age 18 and 10, plus the older girl's heat becu. The elder daughter and friend, tired out from a dance the night before, slept through parts of the race.

That was fine with Skipper Hupp. "We enter these races," he said later, "mostly because the family likes cruising, and Lorrie, my 10-year-old, likes to help me figure the logs. We don't take it very seriously, like people do golf or sailing."

Another typical entry was Bill Bryant of Seattle, who showed up for the race accompanied by his wife, their 11-year-old son and their wire-haired terrier. During the race the deck of his outboard cruiser was strewn with crab pots the family planned to use on a two-week cruising vacation that began right after the race. In spite of this aura of cheerful disarray, he managed to win in his class. There was, in fact, a family tone to the entire event, interrupted by boatloads of businessmen using the regatta as an excuse for a stag party. (On board one such cruiser a poker game ran throughout the race.)

ROUGH PASSAGE

The race itself, however, was a good deal rougher than anyone had anticipated. From Bellingham through the crooked island passages the water was so choppy that 20 cruisers gave up and headed for shelter. Eleven boats had engine trouble in the heavy going and had to be towed to port by Coast Guard boats stationed along the course.

Under such conditions, the predicted time of the overall winner, the 38-foot *Copato* skippered by Carl and Margaret Saluzzi, was astonishingly accurate. The Saluzzis figured their



CRUISERS' COURSE for predicted log contest began at tug moored off Bellingham, Wash., zig-zagged 115 miles to Separation

Point on Vancouver Island. During race, all navigation instruments are covered except compass and engine rpm indicator.

total time for the course would be 823 minutes, 4 seconds. Their actual time was 823 minutes, 20 seconds—an error of 16 seconds over 115 miles. The percentage of error, including all four check points, was only .5586.

Most of the racers, however, who crowded into Genoa Bay on Vancouver Island after the race were frankly disinterested in the overall winner, in spite of his achievement. A considerable number were much more concerned with beating individual rivals. Bets between neighbors and business associates ran as high as \$500. The rest of the cruisers, like the Hupps and the Bryants, were on a family outing.

Predicted log races like the Bellingham have been popular for years on the West Coast. In southern California such fixtures as the 150-mile Craig Trophy, the Newport Beach race and the Donaldson Trophy for the Pacific Coast championship draw solid blocks of entries each year. On the East Coast, however, except for a flurry of interest some 25 years ago, there was little activity until 1950 when the American Powerboat Association began a campaign to promote the sport. In 1952 an Eastern Cruising Association was formed, and in the three years since then predicted log racing has spread to include 24 eastern yacht clubs. This year the ECA has run off six major events with three more still to come. There are, at present, more than 100 predicted log races, counting dozens of smaller local events, held in the U.S. each year; and in addition there are more than 300 abbreviated contests (over 7-10 mile courses) called piloting races.

The Coast Guard and its ally, the U.S. Power Squadron, a national organization of some 26,000 members that teaches powerboat handling and safety, are delighted with the spread of predicted log events. They feel that the navigational experience gained in the races, as well as the high safety requirements laid down by the committees, teach the kind of cruising habits that can keep them out of serious trouble.

The skippers themselves are, for the most part, also aware of the value of the experience. But while they are honestly concerned with improving the breed, that is not necessarily their primary purpose. Their attitude was perfectly summed up by one of the Bellingham racers, Tommy Fackenheim, who finished well back in the fleet, but was quite satisfied. "We had a great time," he said, "and mostly, that's what we came for." (END)



TIP FROM THE TOP

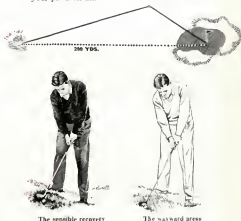


Especially useful for golfers with medium and high handicaps

from NOBLE CHALFAUT, Park Hill Country Club, Denver

Too many golfers hurt their score by trying to get out of tough situations with the type of shot they should attempt only from a fairway lie. For instance, say a golfer drives into the heavy rough—more than this, that his ball ends up on a down-slope. Nine out of 10 people pull out a spoon or four-wood intent on making up for the distance they have lost by hitting a really big shot. The same pattern holds true when a golfer drives into a trap that flanks the fairway on a par-4 hole. He spurns the sensible recovery in favor of trying to reach the green in one stroke. What usually happens is that the player follows the first bad shot with a worse shot. Before he is finished with the hole he often plays a damaging number of strokes.

Play the difficult shots conservatively. Forget about distance from a tough lie. When you drive into the rough or a trap, don't try to reach the green with a "wonder shot" with your wood. Take a medium iron, like a 5 or a 6, and try to place the ball in a good position for the next stroke. Then, if you play a fine shot from that position, you can redeem your par after all.



NEXT WEEK'S GUEST PRO: JULIUS BOROS ON STAYING DOWN

CONVERSATION: DON NEWCOMBE

continued from page 25



STARTING DELIVERY. NEWB Hears back

"Then in May they called me up. And I had the sore arm. My wife rubbed my arm it seemed like all day and all night, and when I reported to the club in St. Louis it was okay."

Burt Shotton was managing the Dodgers that year; and in May, as undered all through the season, Brooklyn was fighting the St. Louis Cardinals for the National League pennant. In St. Louis Shotton sent Newcombe in as a relief pitcher in his major league debut. Much was being written at the time about the racial tension in St. Louis, with colored fans rooting for Robinson, Campanella and the Dodgers, and white fans rooting just as hard against them. When Newcombe came in, the stories go, the colored element roared its welcome. When Newcombe struck out Chuck Diering, the first batter, joy was unrestrained. But then he gave up four consecutive hits, and the cheers went the other way. It was a heartbroken Newcombe, wrote one observer, who trudged off the mound.

"I don't remember it being so bad," Newcombe went on, in his slow, heavy voice. "I never had it the way Jackie did. I know that. What I remember about that game is the way I was thinking. I had always had the idea that the majors weren't much different from Triple-A ball. After I struck out Diering I was sure of it. Then I gave up four straight hits. Schoendienst, Musial, Kazak, Slaughter. That taught me in a hurry that the majors were different. But I wasn't heartbroken. I had good stuff.

"When I pitched against Cincinnati a couple of days later and shut them out, I felt pretty good. I knew then that I could win in the majors. But the real good feeling was later on. I don't know exactly when it was, but it was when I realized that I wasn't going to have to go back down to the minors and come up again, like so many fellows have to do. Unless my arm went bad or I broke a leg, I wasn't going to be sent down. That was a big thing to know that. I guess that was really the biggest thing that ever happened to me in baseball."

Baseball, for Newcombe, goes back to his boyhood in New Jersey. He had three brothers, one older than himself and two younger. "We lived pretty



BATTER TENSE AS DON SHAPS HIS FOREARM

good when I was a kid," he said. "My father had a good job. He was chauffeur for the same family for 28 years. He made \$40, \$45 a week. That was pretty good money in those days. And he made that right through the depression. We lived in Madison, New Jersey, where I was born. It's not a counts town, but there were fields around it then. It wasn't like a suburb, you know, where one town sits right up against another.

"I was very skinny when I was a kid. I had pneumonia. My father took me to the doctor once to see what they could do; but the doctor said just give him lots of good food. I didn't get big, the way I am now, until I was around 17.

"Even though I was skinny I could always throw pretty good when I was

a kid. When I was about 9 I used to play on my brother's team. My brother Roland Jr. He was about 14 or 15. I used to pitch batting practice, but I used to do some pitching, too.

"At Lafayette Junior High in Elizabeth, where we moved to, I played on the school team, but I didn't do much pitching. I could pitch pretty good; but there was another kid who was the star and he pitched. I guess he was better than I was. Then.

NO URGE FOR BIOLOGY

"In senior high, Jefferson in Elizabeth, they didn't have a baseball team. I wasn't there too long anyway. I flunked a subject—biology. I never was any good in that. They wanted me to take it over and I didn't want to. I wanted to quit school.

"So I quit. I worked on trucks. I always liked trucks. I like to drive them. I drove as far as Tennessee on trucking jobs. I had a friend, a boy by the name of John Greer, who was probably the closest friend I ever had. He was a lot older than I was, about 10 years older, but we hung around together and did everything together. He taught me a lot of things. He helped me get a job.

"I enlisted in the Navy but I got discharged after I'd been in only a month. I don't know why I was discharged. I liked the Navy. The discharge said 'By Special Order.' I guess it might have been because I was underage. I was only 16 when I enlisted.

"I enlisted again, this time in the Army. Before I got called up I got this job driving a truck to Memphis. When I was away the Army called me. My



BALL SPLITS PLATE. NEWB FOLLOWS THROUGH

NEWCOMBE'S LIFETIME RECORD

father didn't know what was going on. The Army said to my father he better produce me. Instead of producing me, my father produced my birth certificate. So I didn't go in the Army.

"I had a tryout with the Newark Eagles in the Negro National League; and I pitched for them in 1943, 1944 and 1945. Campy was about the only name player in the league—the only one that got to be known, that is. Most of the others, fellows like Monte Irvin and Larry Doby, were in the service.

"In October of 1945 I pitched a post-season game with a Negro League team in Ebbets Field. It was October 14. I remember the date because I just got married the day before. I pitched against a team of major league All-Stars that Charley Dressen was managing. That was the day Clyde Sukeforth talked to me about signing with Brooklyn. He came down into the clubhouse after the game and talked to my father and me.

"That was a big week. But just about the worst thing that ever happened to me—the worst I ever felt, I guess—was in that game. I was doing pretty good. I was buzzing that ball, really buzzing it in. I went three innings, and in the third inning something clicked in my elbow. It just popped. I could hear it. The third baseman heard it and he came over to the mound. Was that you? he said. I was thinking, people are talking to you about money and this has to happen. Not about signing with Brooklyn because I didn't know about that yet. But there were a lot of things. I was thinking all those things when I felt my elbow go pop. I was wondering if I'd ever be able to pitch again.

"Well, anyway, we went to talk to Mr. Rickey. It looked like I had a chance to go up. He was about to announce that Jackie had been signed.

"I suppose it was a gamble to quit the Negro League. Mr. Rickey, he said, think it over. He said, go home and I'll call you. I talked to my wife about it. She said, Don, I can't tell you what to do. You have to do the pitching. You do what you want to do. Whatever you want to do is all right with me.

"Well, I decided that I wanted to go up, too, like Jackie. But then I got to worrying that maybe Mr. Rickey wouldn't call me back. Maybe he didn't want me after all. I figured he was never going to call me. But he called, and I signed; and that April in 1946, me and Campy went up to Nashua, New Hampshire. I reseeded the arm all winter, and in the spring it was all right. I could pitch."

YEAR	CLUB	LEAGUE	PITCHING			BATTING			
			WON	LOST	PCT.	A.B.	HITS	HRs	PCT.
1946	Nashua	New Eng.	34	4	.778	74	23	2	.191
1947	Nashua	New Eng.	28	6	.700	107	28	8	.273
1948	Montreal	Int.	17	8	.715	88	18	5	.268
1949	Montreal	Int.	7	7	.500	Played less than 25 games			
1950	Brooklyn	Nat.	17	8	.680	88	22	6	.220
1951	Brooklyn	Nat.	18	11	.615	87	24	3	.267
1952	Brooklyn	Nat.	20	8	.680	183	23	8	.223
1953	In Military Service								
1954	In Military Service								
1954	Brooklyn	Nat.	9	4	.525	47	14	4	.268
1955	Brooklyn	Nat.	10	7	.587	55	12	6	.294

*Through May 29, 1955.

Newcombe pitched in Nashua through 1946 and 1947, and moved up to Montreal in 1948. But almost as soon as it began, his career in the Dodger farm system nearly ended.

"You know," he said, "I was almost released after that 1946 season. I had borrowed a thousand dollars from Mr. Rickey, and I didn't want to pay it back out of my 1947 salary. I came into Ebbets Field late in the season—it was the first time I ever saw the Dodgers play—and I went over to talk to Mr. Rickey; and he said, go pick up your release in the front office. I walked away and then I said to myself, there's something funny here. So I went back to Mr. Rickey and I said, Mr. Rickey, I don't know what's the matter, but somebody's been telling you wrong. He looked at me and he said, I understand you said you weren't going to pay back that thousand dollars. I said, no, sir, I didn't say that. I said I didn't want to pay it back out of my salary at Nashua. My wife and I couldn't live on what was left. I want to pay it back. I just don't want it taken out of my salary. Mr. Rickey said, oh, I see. Well, in that case, forget about the release. But it was that close.

A FEELING FOR RICEY

"People ask me what I think about Mr. Rickey. What can I feel about a man who done what he done for me and my family? People say he's cheap. He was never cheap with me. You ask Campy or Jackie if he's cheap. He did things his own way, but he always knows what he's doing. And to do what he did when he signed Jackie and when he signed John Wright and Campy and me—well, people say a lot of things about why he did it. But it took

a man with an awful lot of guts to do it. Brains, too, maybe, but mostly guts. I feel very strongly about Mr. Rickey."

Rickey and Jackie Robinson are the two major figures in Newcombe's baseball career; but another who played a prominent part was Burt Shotton, the sometimes testy manager of the Dodgers at the time when Newcombe came up to Brooklyn from the minor leagues. Shotton was said to be down on Newcombe because of his bad-tempered jumping of the Montreal club in the spring; and there are incidents—such as Newcombe's painless suspension in May, 1950 (he was sent home to "rest") when he told Shotton he could not pitch because of his recurring sore arm—that would seem to bear this out. However this may be, Newcombe today bears his former manager no resentment. "People are always saying I didn't get along with Shotton," he said. "Hell, what ballplayer always gets along with a manager? A player never agrees with a manager. But I got along with Shotton. He was a nice man. He was old and he was quiet. Maybe he was too nice.

"Alston is a lot like Shotton. They play a conservative game. They don't do a lot of talking. Dressen was different. It was a lot of fun to play for Charley. He always kept things alive on the bench. He was always doing things. It was pretty exciting.

"That's why I never could understand why we lost that pennant in 1951. We had that big lead, but Charley never let us up on it. He never let us loaf. That's why I don't understand how we lost.

"That game against the Giants when Bobby Thomson hit the home run off

continued on next page

CONVERSATION: DON NEWCOMBE

Continued from page 49

Ralph Branca. I was pitching when the Giants got a run in and the men on in the clutch. I was pretty tired. I had pitched three times in five days. I didn't want to go out; but I didn't want to stay in and hurt the team either. I turned around and called Pee Wee and Jackie. They said, how do you feel? I said, I'm tired, but, I said, look, it's up to you. This game is more important than how I feel. It's as important to you as it is to me. More important. Whatever you want me to do, I'll do. If you think I should stay in, I'll stay in. Well, Branca was ready and Charley brought him in, I didn't go to the bench. I just stuck my mitt in my pocket and walked out to the clubhouse. I went right in the shower. That's where I was when Thomson hit the homer. I was in the shower and I heard this yell. It was like an explosion. Then—you know how the hallway from the visiting clubhouse to the Giant clubhouse goes right past the showers there in the Polo Grounds? Well, it was like a stampede, photographers racing past and out the door. I said to myself, oh, oh. I stuck my head out and said, what happened? Somebody said, Thomson hit a home run. From there on it's history."

He stopped, his face brooding on the memory.

"That's a long walk to the club-

house in the Polo Grounds. They got partisan fans there, believe me. You know how they wave their handkerchiefs at you when you get knocked out?" Newcombe grinned. "They don't bother me, though. I keep my eyes on the ground."

After that 1951 season Newcombe spent two years in the Army Medical Corps, most of the time as a part of a special demonstration unit. He came back to the majors in 1954. After that season's poor showing, he reported to spring training this year determined to regain his pre-Army form.

"That's why that thing happened." He was referring to his famous run-in with Manager Walter Alton in May. "I wanted to play," he said. "I didn't do much to help the club last year. I had a bad arm. This year I felt fine, but there was the team winning and I wasn't part of it. I wanted to play."

The day before he was finally scheduled to start a game, after 11 straight days on the bench, plans were changed and Newcombe was assigned to pitch batting practice. He hit the ceiling. He said he wouldn't pitch batting practice. Manager Alton told him if he wouldn't do as he was told he'd better take off his uniform and go home. Newcombe ripped off his uniform, stomped out and went home to New Jersey. The Dodgers promptly

suspended him indefinitely, fined him and left him to stew.

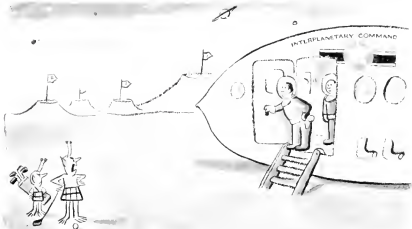
He didn't stew long. A mathematically minded sportswriter figured it was costing Newcombe over a hundred dollars a day to sit home. Newcombe figured likewise. He called the club, made his peace with Alton and rejoined the Dodgers as they left for Philadelphia.

That night he pitched two blistering innings of relief to beat the Phillies. Four days later he threw a sparkling one-hit shutout against the Cubs. He was off and running. He won 10 straight games, lost one, won eight more before losing twice last week; and he hit like Frank Merrittell.

THE REASONS FOR SUCCESS

There have been a great many reasons advanced for Newcombe's extraordinary success this year. Walter Alton says it is just a case of a man taking a year to readjust physically after two years away from baseball. Newcombe insists it is simply a matter of sore arm last year, no sore arm this year. Whatever the reason, Newcombe this year has been a great pitcher, particularly when he is, as he was earlier this season, seething with anger.

"I never thought about it much," he said, "but it's true. I hate to have people take advantage of me. Maybe I have a complex. My mother always said when I was a kid I was hardheaded. I hated for my brothers to do things to me. I'd fight them. Jackie Robinson



gerry marcus

says I have too much pride. I don't know whether it's pride or being hard-headed or being just a plain damn fool.

"I know I'd do anything in the world for my mother and my father and my brothers. But if I ever thought they were taking advantage of me, I'd be awfully mad. I'd get mean. My wife says that. There's nobody in this world I think more of than my wife. But you know how husbands get. Sometimes I get mad at her—after all the things she's done for me—but I get mad at her, and she says I get mean."

Newcombe doesn't mention it, but another factor which certainly has an important bearing on his phenomenal baseball success is the pure strength he generates in his huge body. He carries that strength with a majestic swagger that makes him look—if you exercise only a little imagination—like some all-powerful Hamitic king of ancient Egypt. He handles a baseball bat as though it were a symbol of kingly office. He looks, in short, like a legend.

Newcombe has done some things as a pitcher that legends are built on, but probably nothing more dramatically appealing than his attempt in September 1950 to pitch both halves of a double-header. The feat had not been attempted since 1940 and had not been accomplished since 1928. Newcombe almost pulled it off. He pitched a three-hit shutout against the league-leading Phillies in the first game and gave up only two runs in seven innings in the second before he was removed for a pinch hitter.

Strength, power, meanness, ambition, whatever drives Newcombe to his best efforts, his regal bulk is for the Brooklyn Dodgers a welcome sight at any time. He clumps his way out to the mound in the exaggerated trudge he seems to affect almost defiantly (as if to say, this is the way Don Newcombe wants to walk and if you don't like it that's too bad). He looms over the batter, brings his hands up over his head and down violently as if he were ringing a church bell, down and back behind him as far as they can go, then up to his head again and then he throws, violently, falling off the mound a little toward first base as he releases the pitch. The ball spits toward the plate, leaving, it seems, a little smoking thread of white in the air behind it. More often than not it whips past the batter and smacks into Roy Campanella's mitt with an old-fashioned, soul-satisfying clap. And then all's right with Don Newcombe, the Dodgers and that part of the world that calls Brooklyn home.

(END)

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ISLE OF DELOS, a rugged mass of uninhabited granite, is mythical birthplace of Apollo

and Artemis. Only three miles long, Isle is lush with ruins of salad days which ended in 87 B.C.

THE ISLES OF GREECE

They are an almost undiscovered tourist treasure, beautiful beyond compare, awash in relics of ancient history and art, set like jewels in a smiling sea

by HORACE SUTTON

THE Isles of Greece splatter like errant batter in the deep azure of the Aegean. On some no trees grow, but elsewhere the castle walls of the Crusaders are sprayed with battlefield bursts of pink oleander. Some isles are lush only with the sun-bleached relics of civilizations now nearly 5,000 years old; and some are fishing villages with eublast houses that are whitewashed every week. Butterflies are the only clouds in the sky of one; but on many the white sails of windmills fill with the Aegean breezes and spin the sun-clear, sea-washed air, day upon day, as inexorably as love and evolution, coaxing the water up from the ancient earth, and as the legend insists, whispering to the departed sailors across the seas, "Come back, come back."

The white islands of Greece are perhaps a year or two away from discovery by the meandering travelers of the guidebook, the aching feet and the packaged tour. Athens is still four hours south and east of Rome, eastern outpost of the grand tour, short form. But for the knowledgeable, the inquisitive, the irrepressible, the pioneer and the romantic, there are all sorts of ways to do the islands—by plane, by yacht, by steamer and even by caique, that broad-in-the-beam barque of the Aegean waters, equipped

with a dyspeptic phad-phat motor that sets the ship to shuddering like a bowl of Jell-O in a house by the tracks.

To inspire one's appetite for Grecian waters, if not for Grecian food, one need only sit, as I did on a recent summer's evening, at an open-air *farera* on the edge of Passa Limani Bay, the port of the pashas on the outskirts of Athens. Here in the balmy night, where Turkish nobles once landed in great splendor, the circle bay was festooned with the rhinestone bulbs of the fish houses. Yachts bobbed gently in the harbor, and a lone rowboat that was a taxi, a light in its prow, lazied a few yards offshore waiting to take dreamers or yachtsmen out under the Grecian moon.

Döner kebab, a cornucopia of sliced lamb packed horizontally on a skewer, turned slowly before a bed of charcoal embers. Waiters, summoned by a handclap or an unceremonious rap of china on the table, brought *kokoretsi*, a provincial hors d'oeuvres manufactured from such delicacies as liver, kidney and spleen all wrapped in intestines and baked until crunchy. We ate tiny clams which, to be fit to eat, must wriggle when squirted with lemon. We cracked lobsters and bought clusters of green lavender

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FROM ROYAL GREEK Yacht Club near Athens, terrace diners view Turkolimano Bay, depot for boats sailing Greek Islands. Port is named for Turks who came to dinner, stayed 375 years until Europe's powers guaranteed Greek independence.



JOHN GOULANDRES, Greek Line director, furls sail on *Zephyros*, 87-foot family ketch. Greek yachts can be chartered for island cruises for \$20 to \$60 a day with full crew and fuel included.



WINDMILLS AND WHITE HOUSES cover Aegean island of Mykonos, only 12 miles long, which has 365 churches, half-mile beach, new hotel, statue to lady general. Entire town is whitewashed periodically.

STREET OF KNIGHTS on Rhodes is lined with Inns of Crusaders who held island for 200 years, lost it to Turks in 1522. City is olio of minarets, steeples, medieval towers superimposed on classic foundations, walls.





SUNDAY IN THE SEA—when yacht *Zephyros* moors patiently as guests swim the azure Aegean. Yacht later sailed on the same day to famed theater on Greek mainland at Epidaurus.



ISLAND FASHIONS are worn by Hollywood visitors Diana Lynn and Mona Freeman. Miss Lynn's yellow shirt-and-bandanna set is made on Mykonos, her wide straw on treeless Delos.



COLLAPSE OF RHODES, a giant statue of Helios, Greek sun god, was said to have straddled harbor where boys now search for sea

urehins. The brass figure fell in quake of 224 B.C., was hauled out of harbor on the backs of 900 camels. Turkey sits on the horizon.



ANCIENT STEPPING STONES between Europe and Asia, the Greek Isles include the Dodecanese and Cyclades in north, Crete in south. Considered cradle of Attic civilization, area still turns up old relics.

GREEK ISLES

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strands, which Greek housewives use for mothballs and which romantic foreigners are inclined to carry in some Oscar Wildean posture, sniffing them as they would exotic sachets.

The next morning I flew a Greek Airlines DC-3 to Rhodes to spend two days and wait for the *Semiramis*, the coastal cruiser, circling up from Melos and Crete.

On Rhodes the crickets sing and the windmills, each a circle of tricorn sails, spin in the sea-borne wind. Youngsters knee-deep in the Aegean Sea probe the harbor floor for snails and prickly sea urchins. It is said that 2,000 years ago in the same spot the Colossus of Rhodes straddled the entrance to the port, and barques sailed under its legs. The colossus was a giant statue to Helios, god of the sun, who endowed the island with great warmth and beauty coasted from the southern soil. The statue is said to have tumbled in the earthquake of 224 B.C. Long years after, the Crusaders came, capturing the Dodecanese in 1309 and holding them until Suleiman the Magnificent and the Turkish hordes swept over them in 1522. The Turks lasted until 1912 when the Italians marched in; and the Italians lasted until early in World War II when the Germans arrived. The Germans lasted until Greek and British commandos put

ashore, and Rhodes became Greek again in 1947.

In language and spirit the Rhodians remained Greek throughout. During their occupation the Italians did much to preserve the memory of the era of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who had made Rhodes their Crusader headquarters. Puffy billows of purple bougainvillea are blankets four feet thick on the old Crusader walls, and pink roses and peach trees grow in the moat of the ancient castle. Peasant women, still wearing high boots from the days when Rhodes was infested with snakes, clatter down the cobbles of the Street of Knights that leads to the castle, home of the *grands maîtres*. Iron grillwork lanterns hang over the steep avenue where the knights lived in separate inns, according to their nationality.

The shops are filled with Rhodian pottery and clay Rhodian deer patterned after the real types who live in the hills and are hunted in the fall. You can buy local perfume made of lemon leaves and lemon blossoms and roses of Rhodes. For the traveler, weary of bouncing the circuit of European capitals, there is the amplitude of the Hotel des Roses ensconced in the sand like a stout matron, its feet in the sea. Terraces look out to Turkey across the straits. There is a pebble beach set with seaside tables, flecked with umbrellas and staffed by white-jacketed boys who

fetch cool drinks from the bar. An excellent Italian-tinged cuisine is served on a terrace, which at noon is protected from the sun by a red sailcloth stretched across the roof.

For those who would prefer the highlands to the shore, there are two small hotels on Prophet Elias Mountain known as Elaphos and Elaphina, which is to say, buck and doe. Captive deer do graze on the hotel grounds; and the cedars, the pines and the cypresses, not to mention the 2,500-foot elevation, provide a coolness especially appreciated by Alexandrian Greeks, who come to escape the Egyptian summer.

It is a short downhill drive towards the sea to Camirus which, with Lindos and Ialysus, was one of the three Rhodian cities mentioned by Homer. The ruins of Camirus, excavated in the Victorian era by English and French archaeologists, run dramatically down to a cliff that overhangs the sea. High on the rise are the columns of its acropolis; threading underground are the 3,500-year-old water systems; and casting shadows on the ancient floors are the walls of houses whose original owners claimed they could recall how Cassius came to punish the island for siding with Mark Antony, taking back with him 3,000 works of art. Some are now in the Vatican Museum.

Between Prophet Elias Mountain and the city of Rhodes nestles the

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GREEK ISLES

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island's strangest sight, Petaloudes. Here, down a narrow valley, a waterfall tumbles into a milky green pool. Lining the defile is a forest of *zifin* trees, a species of flora which smells to a butterfly like Eau de Cologne but like tincture of benzoin to everyone else. Guides will escort you over a rustic catwalk suspended across the milky pool, then up the hill past the waterfall, where they will scatter pebbles in the trees. Then butterflies fill the air like orange clouds till they tire and flit back to the *zifins* where they close their wings, remain camouflaged to the untrained eye, and inhale sweet eaud-benzoin, until the next tourist comes.

For the most magnificent view of Rhodes and of the Aegean, turquoise near the shore and deep blue as it stretches toward the purple ranges of Turkish Anatolia, one ought to travel up Mount Philermos just outside town. Here in the late Italian heyday Il Duce built a cloister, installed it with monks and hung an outdoor pulpit on the building where the priests could hold *al fresco* services. The entrance leads up an avenue of cypresses and bouganvillea to the cloister and the ruins of a temple of Athena. Stunted pastel cedars form an archway like crossed swords leading to the belvedere. On the plain below was the old Homeric city of Ialysus, dating from about 1600 B.C., a bustling city of which

Mount Philermos was the acropolis.

I left Rhodes in a Fitzpatrick finish at dusk aboard the *Seawarrior*, the steamer that was making its regular five-day island excursion out of Athens. The sun was gone but there was a bluish luminescence in the sky, enough to silhouette the history of the island—the turrets and bastions of the Crusaders, the spires of the churches, the minarets left by the Turks, and the government buildings that had risen under the yeasty influence of Il Duce.

REASONABLE EXCURSIONS, TOO

Although Ghidolman Brothers on Constitution Square in Athens can make all the arrangements for those who wish to charter a yacht, anyone limited by inexperience or the exchequer can do the islands handsomely and in comfort aboard the *Seawarrior*, which each week from April to October makes five-day and two-day trips through the islands. Five-day excursions leave Piraeus, the port for Athens, each Monday evening, returning each Saturday morning; covering Melos, Crete, Rhodes, Delos and Mykonos. The two-day trip sails Saturday afternoon, covers Mykonos and Delos over the weekend and arrives back in Athens before anyone is up on Monday morning.

The tariff for the five-day ride runs anywhere from 1,100 to 7,000 drachmas (\$37-\$233) and includes berth, wholesome dining-car meals in a family style dining salon, most ground

excursions, and the services of a guide. I came to know our guide, once we had landed on Delos the next morning, as a lady brimming with mythology, memorabilia and erudition.

In the night we crossed from the Dodecanese to the Cyclades. Delos arrived with the sun. It proved a graveyard; a trackless, treeless, three-mile flatland (except for a hill 350 feet high) bare of roads or population. But Delos once was mighty; a seat of religion and commerce.

Zeus, the philanderer, had gotten Leto with child. When Zeus's legal wife heard the news she forbade Leto any land on which to give birth. But Leto was finally aided by the roaming island of Delos which agreed to let Leto have her baby there if the island could obtain a permanent location. Poseidon anchored Delos in the Cyclades, and as Leto held on to a palm tree she gave birth to Apollo, god of the sun. Swans came to sing and the island was covered with flowers. So it came to be that the Night, symbolized by Leto, clung on to the Dawn (the palm tree) to give birth to the Sun.

The legend of Apollo's birth there made the island a religious capital for all Ionia, and in time the richest and most cultural center of the Greek world. Magnificent mosaics are still inlaid in the mansions of the wealthy. A Greek theater still sits among the weeds, complete with stone armchairs added by the Romans. Near the theater are the remains of an ancient hotel for transients with forty rooms. Phallic curvings, symbolic of strength and life, stand on pedestals and are photographed by tourists. Remnants of a mammoth statue of Apollo lie in the tall grass. Part of one foot is in the British Museum. A lone palm planted by the French archaeologists is the only tree on Delos. The only animals, save for an occasional lizard, are the row of stone white lions, lean and taut, put up by the Naxians in the fifth or sixth century B.C. and found again in 1906. And the island's only people, summer people, scramble omelets in the little pavilion, sell wide-brimmed straw hats against the fiery sun of the shadeless isle and dried sea horses which can be taken to Athens to be silvered and worn as jewelry.

Mykonos, whence I was delivered in a shuddering caïque, rises bright white out of the blue sea. Its houses that grow up the hillside are whitewashed every week. The walks in front of its churches—it has a reputed 365—are whitewashed too. Most of the churches are tiny chapels given as thanks by the



"What does one say to encourage the bull?"

island's many seafaring men who were delivered safely from perilous storms. On the hills above are thatch-topped white stone pillars of the windmills, sails spinning in the breeze, calling the seafarers home.

In the soft curve of the harbor the orange hulls of fishing boats skitter through the blue. Fishermen sit on the flagstone stretching their nets between teeth and toe, repairing the knots. Low-slung handbags and bright striped shirts with bandannas to match, made on Mykonos for island visitors, are hung up for sale on the hulls of old barques pulled up on the beach. And in the village square, inscrutable in white marble, is the bust of a lady general who led the island forces in the war against the Turks in 1829.

There is a small beach in the harbor, but a caique will take you in 15 minutes to the great sand crescent of St. Stephanos, one of the best beaches in Greece. There are lockers to change in, soft warm sand to sleep on, an incredibly buoyant sea to float in, and a tiny *torreva* where you can sip an ouzo and munch anchovies on coarse bread before the caique splutters back to the harbor.

A PALETTE OF SENSES

Mykonos has a delightful new hotel called the Lito, and as you sit on its harborside terrace at sunset surveying the huge oleander bush that erupts on the lawn like the pink spray of a Roman candle, the fishermen pull up in their orange hulls and wade ashore with a string of fish. Gulls cry, and nightingales that live on an island without trees are yet happy enough to sing. A waitress presents dinner-time's handsome fish, and when you ask the patroness what it is called she smiles and says, "One of the most noble families of the sea—the *syngride*."

Up on the hill the windmills are motionless in the windless evening. Down along the harbor gulf music and song well up from the waterside *torrevas*. From the tiny, white back alleys come the shouts of the Greek children who have eyes like Greek olives. Out on the horizon the masts of schooners bob gently against the gray ridges of the islands beyond. Mykonos is a hard place to leave; but I left it in a row-boat, paddling out to the *Semifraida* in the placid, blue-green lake of a bay, with the music of the *torrevas* reaching out over the water until it was drowned by the heavy heartbeat of the ship's motors, and all that was left of the island was a glow on the horizon.

A few days later I tried Greece by

yacht, sailing out from Turkolimano harbor on a brilliant Sunday morning aboard the 87-foot ketch owned by John Goulondris, the young Director of the Greek Line. Built in Scotland and designed to sleep five in cabins and three on sofas in the dayroom, the *Zephyros* had been adapted by Goulondris to fit Greek waters and Greek hospitality. We were making for the Peloponnese and the Greek theater at Epidaurus with a guest list of 23.

The 50-year-old ship, winner of Atlantic sailing races, takes the Goulondris clan each summer to the family birthplace on Andros, a verdant isle of lemon trees and mulberry bushes in the northern Cyclades. The crew spread a white awning over the deck, and a bouillabaisse boiled in a great cauldron in the galley as we slipped south and west towards the harbor at Nauplia. Schools of porpoises played across our bow; and when it grew hot we stopped to swim.

By late afternoon yachts of all descriptions were storming the harbor at Nauplia, including the two-starred powerboat of an American admiral. We rowed ashore in the dinghy, boarded a bus to Epidaurus and rode through the groves of lemon trees and slender cypresses. At Epidaurus, the Greek theater rose steeply out of the stage, and was filled to its hilltop brim with 14,000 spectators—a sprinkling of Wehrmacht hats here and there on perigrinating Germans, Americans popping flashbulbs, Englishmen in khaki shorts. Just as the sun dropped behind the gray circle of mountains, a fanfare sounded stridently; and presently the Greek chorus marched out in their hesitating cadence, and Katina Paxinou came on to moan the dismal tragedy of Euripides' *Heruba*.

Back at Nauplia after the theater, the Greeks bought broiled intestines skewered on sticks and ate them as an appetizer. We rowed back to the *Zephyros* and had dinner by lantern light. Then we wrapped in blankets and fell asleep on foam rubber mats laid out on the deck. Through the long night the ketch slipped out of the Peloponnese harbor, then veered north towards Athens. When I awoke the next morning the sky was light, but the sun had barely begun to rouse itself from its bed below the horizon. The water was still as tea in a cup and soft as corn silk to behold. Athens loomed off the portside and to starboard fishermen were spinning a wide circle with their seining net around a school of fish. *Syngride*, probably. One of the noblest families of the sea.

END

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Outfitted for eight, the recently launched 56-foot yacht offers: double cabin with toilet, shower; two single cabins, four-berth dining room, another toilet with shower, kitchen, refrigerator. She costs \$85 a day.



"TORIANA"

This 85-foot yacht is air-conditioned; has six two-berth cabins, six-berth dining room, two toilets with showers, kitchen, refrigerator. She makes nine knots and costs \$100 per day, wages, and food of crew included.



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TITICACA TROUT

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the Captain's German accent brought from Jorge the explanation that Herr Reehling was a German naval officer who had been interned in Peru during World War I until he escaped to Bolivia and began applying his maritime skills to Titicaca boating.

The Captain ushered us to the lake and stowed us in a launch under the guidance of a small Indian boy who seemed to know what to do with a Johnson twin. Under full throttle, we headed up the lake to the Straits of Tiquina, the narrow channel which connects the big and little lakes. The Indian lad, who answered to the improbable name of Moses, throttled down the outboard and we got our silver spoons into the water. Two hours of trolling along the shore just outside the reeds didn't raise a thing.

We had plenty of time, however, to admire the Andean peaks in the background. Jorge, with pardonable pride, pointed out Illimapu, which he assured me was the second highest mountain in the Western Hemisphere. Except for the Indian village of Tiquina, lying on either side of the Straits, we saw almost no signs of habitation.

The whisky, laced with ice-cold lake water, was good. The company was excellent. Freddie and Jorge regaled me with tales of Bolivia's history and revolutions. Jorge found the last revolution particularly amusing, since he and Freddie had been in opposing factions. "When the revolution started, Freddie was Director of the Bank of Bolivia," Jorge roared, "and when it was over they made me head of the Bank, and I had to kick Freddie out of a job." Freddie sheepishly grinned that this was the God's truth.

MOSES WASN'T WORRIED

But now as we started back along the east shore in the direction of the Yacht Club, my two hosts began to worry about our lack of success. After bringing this gringo all the way up here they weren't anxious to have him return empty-handed. There were veiled threats about throwing Moses back to the bullrushes if we didn't come up with something pretty soon. Our teen-age guide didn't appear worried by these sallies; after all, there was the agrarian reform, and the government of President Victor Paz Estenssoro was on the side of the Indians.

Prowling through Jorge's tackle box, I came up with an old-fashioned red and white spoon, known as a

"daredevil" in Minnesota, where I had found it tempting to northern pike. In Bolivia, however, it was a "Peru," so named because its colors were those of the Peruvian flag. "Daredevil" or "Peru," I hooked it onto my leader. Anything to change the luck. The sun was getting a little low on the horizon, a chill wind was coming up. By this time we had polished off the bottle of Dewar's White Label and had almost run out of revolutions.

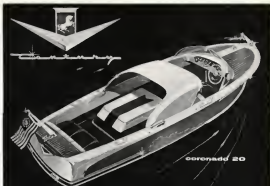
Then my trout struck!

RAINBOW ON THE RUN

We had snagged a few odd reeds and rocks earlier when trolling too deep, but this was no rock or reed. I gave the line a yank to set the hook, and grinned beatifically when the silvery brute broke the water at the end of 100 feet of line. Jorge shouted to Moses to cut the Johnson. I began to reel in and suddenly realized I hadn't given Freddie proper instructions to photograph this historic event. Grabbing the Retina with my left hand, I began explaining its intricacies to Freddie while trying to keep a taut line on the rod in my right hand. At this point the trout broke water again, dashed toward the boat, and the line went slack. Screaming to Freddie to figure the camera out as best he could, I tossed it to him and got both hands on the rod again, reeling in madly. A wonderful tug was proof that Mr. Rainbow was still there. I let him run a bit while Freddie managed to get the camera set. Jorge, meanwhile, stood at attention with the landing net. The trout broke water again, this time close enough for us to get a fairly good glimpse of him and to know that he was no record breaker. He was also, by all odds, the biggest rainbow I ever had on a line. After a few more frantic spurts he tired enough for me to bring him alongside the boat where Freddie scooped him in. Naturally, the "Peru" jumped out of his mouth just as the net encircled him.

We discouraged his floppings with a few strokes of a monkey wrench, and Freddie got to work with the camera while Jorge rummaged for his rule and scales. Twenty-six inches and nine pounds was the story, and a smuggler, more pleased gringo you never saw.

The rest of the trip back to the Yacht Club didn't raise a thing but views of the now darkening Andean background. What matter? I had surmounted the considerable odds of landing a fishing trip on one of the most fabulous inland seas of the world. And I had my Titicaca trout. (END)



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Rexall



WILLIAM WILDMAN (SEATED) POINTS TO HIS HORSE ECLIPSE WHOM HE FOOLISHLY SOLD TO O'KELLY

ONE of the most famous race horses of all times, Eclipse was foaled in England during an eclipse of the sun in 1764. The colt, who stood 15.2 hands, was not much for looks, but he had a proud heritage. It traced back directly to the Darley Arabian, one of the three founding sires of the thoroughbred race horse. (The others were the Byerly Turk and the Godolphin Barb.) Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, second son of King George II, and when still a yearling was sold for about \$400 to William Wildman, a prosperous meat salesman with a sporting turn. The colt early manifested such a nasty disposition it seemed probable that he would have to be gelded. Fortunately for the future of international horse racing and Dennis O'Kelly (who as Eclipse's later owner made over \$100,000 in stud fees), Wildman refused to curb the horse's fiery spirit by this means. Instead he put Eclipse in the hands of a notoriously rough rider who worked the thoroughbred day and night. Even this rigorous treatment, however, had little effect. Eclipse ran like the wind and the harder he ran, the more the frisky thoroughbred seemed to enjoy himself.

Because of the grueling four-mile-heat system of racing, which meant an eight-to-12-mile run under saddle in a single afternoon, horses before 1776 did not race until they

had reached at least five years of age. When Eclipse reached this age he started in his first race on May 3, 1769 at Epsom Downs.

This first turf appearance was the usual race of the best two out of three four-mile heats. One of the bettors, a wealthy Irishman named Dennis O'Kelly who had made a fortune gambling, watched the blaze-faced chestnut win the first heat handily. O'Kelly was so impressed with Eclipse's performance that he shrewdly bet he could name the order in which each horse would finish. Asked for his wager, he cried prophetically: "Eclipse first, the rest nowhere." The prediction was correct, and the phrase became famous. After Eclipse repeated his performance in his second race at Ascot, O'Kelly persuaded Wildman to sell him a half interest in the horse for about \$3,250. By 1770 Wildman had foolishly signed away the remaining half interest to O'Kelly for another \$5,500. So a horse who was responsible either directly, or through his get, for hundreds of millions of dollars changing hands was snapped up for a few thousand by a gambler with vision.

Eclipse raced only three seasons, winning all his 26 starts and 11 King's Plates. In 10 of the races he carried the unusually heavy load of 12 stone (168 pounds). He was never defeated or even extended, and he beat by at least 200



CAMEO OF DENNIS O'KELLY

FATHER OF RACE HORSES

The saga of the incomparable 18th century English race horse named Eclipse, who never was beaten or even extended, and sired sons as famous as himself

yards the best horses in England. In October 1771 he raced for the last time, as a 7-year-old, at Newmarket. After that, O'Kelly retired Eclipse to stud and English racing again became a competitive contest.

Eclipse was so famous in his day that the average Brit-isher knew him as well as he knew the king himself. His portrait was painted at least a dozen times (see one of them above). One artist painted him seven times, and one horse lover, Lord Roseberry, owned eight portraits of him well over a hundred years after the horse's death. Even the British Museum displayed an engraving of him on its sacrosanct walls. He died at the age of 25 in 1789, and the public scrambled to own and marvel at his remains. His skeleton was mounted and earnestly studied by scientists who wrote profound treatises explaining the horse's ability to run. His heart was reverently weighed and found to be five pounds heavier than that of the average horse. His mane and tail were woven into a racing trophy (the Newmarket Challenge Whip) and one mounted hoof acquired by royalty. Even 109 years after Eclipse's death an Englishman proudly left his heirs a cherished fragment of Eclipse's hide. The interest in the relics of Eclipse was so great that a brisk business sprang up in ersatz remains of the horse. At least six "undoubted" skeletons and nine

"authentic" feet were foisted on a gullible and souvenir-seeking public. Dennis O'Kelly, who would have delighted in such a daring business enterprise, wasn't there to see it, for he had died of the gout a little more than a year earlier than his horse.

Today the legendary Eclipse is as well known as he was when O'Kelly owned him. He is remembered not only for his incomparable racing, but for the number of worthy descendants he left the turf world: Gallant Fox, Whirlaway, Assault, Citation and Nashua, among others familiar to American horse lovers. Eclipse and two other sires, Matchem and Herod (who carried on the lines of the Godolphin Barb and the Byerly Turk respectively), are responsible for every racing thoroughbred alive today. Eclipse's get won two out of three of the first century and a half of Epsom Derbies: such victories as Young Eclipse in 1781, Waxy in 1795, Whalebone in 1810, Blair Athol in 1864, Galopin in 1875. At this year's Kentucky Derby, Swaps became the 63rd descendant of Eclipse to win the 81-year-old American classic. Only 18 descendants of Matchem and Herod together have been winners in the U.S. derby. Eclipse's blood, transmitted through his famous sons, has proved to be the most valuable of any horse on record. The fractious chestnut eclipsed them all. (K.R.)

THE DIFFERENCE OF A YEAR

Sir:

In one of your first issues you carried a story on Stan Sayres and Seattle's great Gold Cup competition (SI, Aug. 23, '54). Now, almost exactly a year later, you have a preview and coverage of the same event. In my opinion the difference between those two stories is the history of the development of a great magazine.

In your first story you obviously bought a one-sided version from Mr. Sayres or his publicity people. You implied he designed the Sno-Mos, and when you mentioned Ted Jones's name at all you called him a driver.

Your August 8 preview and your August 15 coverage together add up to a magnificent, balanced and quite spectacular description of one of our really great national sporting events. Your color was superb; the Ted Jones profile was a brave attempt to portray a subject who somehow gets people's backs up. The description of the race was the best published anywhere. Obviously you were there and you were there with a man who knows his stuff and who can report as well as write. Altogether I am happy with SI, but don't let that go to your collective heads, because I expect even more this year than I got last year. You apparently have the writers, the reporters, the photographers and the technicians. It's now up to you to dig, dig, dig, and never be satisfied with the obvious, the stale and the cliché. Towards that difficult goal you have made a very fine start.

DUBOISE CLINTON

Los Angeles

● At the start of its second year SI hereby promises to "dig, dig, dig, and never be satisfied with the obvious, the stale and the cliché," and never to overestimate the reader's knowledge or underestimate his intelligence.—ED.

RETURN OF THE NATIVE

Sir:

The Gold Cup story was wonderful. The race has really done something to Seattle, thanks to Stan Sayres and Ted Jones.

Detroit won't hold the Gold Cup for long. One of our boats will bring it home for us next summer. It belongs here.

JANE LONG

Seattle

THE NOBLEST PART REGAINED

Sir:

SI and Reginald Wells did a beautiful job on the thrills of hunting with the longbow (SI, Aug. 8). Here in Westchester County we have a season for hunting deer with bow and arrow, and I have never before experienced such pleasure. It involves one of the oldest and noblest aspects of hunting: the ability to stalk your game. Deer are unbelievably sensitive to noise, and to come within range of the animal after hours of painstaking watching and moving is a greater thrill than bagging your buck. Unfortunately this most honored

and difficult part of the hunt has become lost with the high-powered cartridge and telescopic-sight rifle. Nowadays any idiot butcher can slaughter an animal he hardly even sees, and more's the pity.

WHEAT CLAYTON

Stamford, Conn.

BUT DO THEY TAKE THE TROUBLE?

Sir:

Yes, the Robin Hoods are out in force, and you should see the horrifying results. Ranger friends of mine tell me the local forest areas are reeking with blood trails of desperately wounded deer and of the small and harmless Black bear of this region. The vast majority of these ardent bowmen can't get close enough to a quarry for a humane killing, so they let fly anyway. As an old-time target archer I deplore this new day of torture. Years ago my novelist friend Stewart Edward White went lion hunting in Africa with the longbow. It took 18 arrows to finish the first lion. The experience sickened White so that he died soon after. Let's hope the same thing happens to today's butchers.

RICHARD SCHAYER

North Hollywood

AFTER THE RACE

Sir:

Congratulations to Mark Kauffman for a wonderful picture story on the Cincinnati Redlegs on tour (SI, Aug. 8). After a three month's diet of ballplayers slugging, fielding, falling down and standing on their heads, it is good to see them pictured as human beings, subject to the same boredom, routine and small miseries that we ordinary humans endure. Incidentally, if this side of the majors were better known, I wonder how many young men would hesitate twice before trying for a baseball career. The small-time one-night-stand vandevillians of my era lived no better.

BERNIE GOLDBERG

Cincinnati

LET'S GIVE HIM A BIG PAW

Sir:

Please forward this to Neptune! I'm certain you individually deserve all the praise The Word heaps upon you, since keen intelligence, strong heart and love of water are just the characteristics you expect to find in a Chesapeake. However, you are the first doggone one I've ever heard of

continued on next page



"Did you look carefully, dear? I read that the state conservation department had planted more than a million and a half trout."

earning his rations by taking pen in paw and giving the reading public a dog's-eye view of this yachting business (SI, Aug. 8).

VACHEL A. DOWNES JR.
American Chesapeake Club
Centerville, Md.

● Neptune was greatly impressed with Mr. Downes's letter, as he has always considered the American Chesapeake Club the Happy Knoll of his set; and he said he would like it to be known that he wrote on a typewriter, being unable to hold a pen in either paw after The Word had spread them out like Chinese fans to show off his webbing. ED.

NAVAL STRATEGY

Sir:

My wife thinks she can sympathize with Neptune (SI, Aug. 8). Last January I ordered a kit for an 8-foot pram. "Ten to 15 hours construction time," says the catalogue. Six months later it came out of the basement and into the water as a rowboat. Another six weeks provided the necessary equipment for a sailing pram.

The coup de grâce, though, was naming her *Mary Ann* after my wife, and keeping it a secret until launching time. Now my wife says, "I almost wish you had named it for someone else so I could keep on griping."

DAVID T. ROBINSON

Galesburg, Ill.

BETWEEN US GIRLS

Sirs:

In answer to Janet Hobbs's letter (19TH HOLE, Aug. 15)—I say phooey!

First of all, Swap's is not just a local bar, but a national bar.

Second, is the best horse supposed to win a race, or the horse with the most glamorous owner?

Third, no matter what Swap's may look like (and I disagree heartily with Miss Hobbs's description), he's one heck of a good horse.

Fourth, Swap's certainly did not fall against Nashua in the Kentucky Derby. Fifth, I don't know or care why Mrs. Woodward wore the same dress twice, but after August 31, in the world of horses, no one will be talking of anything but Swap's second victory over Nashua!

Finally, don't underate the West in any way—it's just as good or better than the East any time!

DOROTHY STURGES

Saunderstown, R.I.

PUT UP OR SHUT UP

Sir:

HOTBOX (July 18) contains an offer by a Mr. Harry Tucker, of New York, identified as a "horseman and stockbroker," to put up \$1,000 on Swap's in the event of a match race between Swap's and Nashua.

I happen to be a member of the opposite camp. Would you be good enough to tell Mr. Tucker that I will take a hundred dollars' worth of that rash money?

FREEMAN NAPIER JELKS JR.
Savannah, Ga.

● Like Mr. Jelks, Mr. Carl Adams of New York has indicated that he will

take \$100. And Mr. Brian A. Miller of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan will take a thousand. To all three, Mr. Tucker says, "It's a bet."—ED.

SENSATIONAL

Sir:

While enjoying reading through the Aug. 8 issue of SI, I ran across your article titled *Sailor to the Tropic* concerning that lumberjack—Danny Sailor of British Columbia. I can wholeheartedly agree with your article in that he is the world champion and has run completely out of competition—in other words, he's sensational.

I noticed that you failed to use any photos. May I offer the enclosed snapshot? (See rule) I'm sure that other SI readers would be interested.

EDWARD FREITAS

Fort Bragg, Calif.



DANNY SAILOR ALOFT

IT'S ABOUT TIME

Sir:

It is about time that the idea of the Olympics was reiterated (SI, Aug. 8) for the benefit of sports fans (and newspapermen) in the United States. A context of this nature (or any nature) should definitely not be distorted into any kind of maneuvering for political gain! I have been sickened and disappointed by articles and publicity releases urging changes in the training of our amateur athletes—changes thought up solely to build up our Olympic teams so we can prove to the rest of the world that we are no supreme in sports as we think we are in other aspects of international life.

ANNE M. STAILER

Pasadena, Calif.

TOWARD THE TRUE SPIRIT

Sir:

Congratulations to Dr. Charles A. Bucher's *Are We Loving the Olympic Ideal?*

Here's hoping that SI in 1956 will set the example for all U.S. publications by not once mentioning point scores or national prestige, strength and honor. Stress the individual performance; ignore the nation. Perhaps even Russia will eventually tire of nationalistic sports ballyhoo that goes unanswered, and the games will again reflect their true spirit and tradition.

JOHN M. BLATT

Thermal, Calif.

RELAX WITH A HARD HANDSHAKE

Sir:

I was highly impressed and greatly refreshed to see Dr. Bucher's article, *Are We Loving the Olympic Ideal?*, presented in SI

Aug. 8. It was written in honesty and in a spirit of unadorned and uncompromising fellowship.

It is very rare these days for an article to be found concerning the Olympics—or anything else for that matter—that isn't saturated with propaganda and selling only hate.

If there is anything that can bring about the relaxing of tensions between Russia and the United States it is individual understanding—the kind that comes with a hard handshake after competition.

By presenting Dr. Charles A. Bucher's article, SI has proved to me that it has the spark of real sportsmanship.

CAROL ROBERT G. MURCH

West Point

LOVE IN MILWAUKEE

Sir:

After reading Reader Lorenz's letter (19TH HOLE, Aug. 8), I feel prompted to speak a word of praise to SI and a word of defense for Milwaukee. If said readers should grace our town again, we shall have him walk the plank into the foam at the Schlitz brewery. The only thing we lack here is the lass on the Aug. 8 cover of SI.

As a new resident (in Reader Lorenz's I feel fully justified in answering the impudence he has done to one of our most sacred institutions: the Pride of Our Town. Having come from the Philadelphia area four months ago, I too see Milwaukee in a different light than a native son. I also recall that the parts I came from were the breeding place of Kansas' Pride: the A's. I left when they did.

Milwaukee is just like any other sports-minded area; in love. Is not love the only reason behind sport? Perhaps our ways of showing sentiment for the Braves seem slightly gauche to others, but when two objects are in love, well, a slight clumsiness is inevitable in the initial period.

TONY EVANS

Milwaukee

LUCK IN PRAIRIE VILLAGE

Sir:

It took over 500 words for Larry Lorenz to say Milwaukeeans love beer, baseball and nothing else.

How lucky the folks in Prairie Village, Kan. (Lorenz's present home) are to have this aesthetic individual around.

KEN PEPPER

Waukesha, Wis.

LOVE AMONG THE ORIOLES

Sir:

It's pretty easy to be a "baseball town" when you inherit a pennant contender, as Milwaukee did. It's a lot tougher here, but Baltimore does it, all the same.

RAYMOND H. GAMESWELL

Baltimore

SHAGGY COW STORY

Sir:

Frank (Bow-Tie) Walsh (SI, Aug. 8) is also a master punster.

Once, back in '48, Walsh sought to publicize San Francisco's Cow Palace as a collegiate basketball arena. He fashioned a bow tie out of an honest-to-gosh piece of cowhide (hair and all). This prompted an awe-struck sports editor (Walt Gornage of the *Palo Alto Times*) to inquire about Walsh's unique collection.

"Oh, this isn't my only bow tie," the

rudely-checked Walsh exclaimed, proving his rowdier masterpiece.

"I have an odder one at home!"

M. W. WELLS

Los Angeles

GOLF SHOP

Sirs:

I am intrigued by Gent Andersen's tips in *TIP FROM THE TOP* (SI, July 18): Where do you get a one-and-a-half-wood, a five wood, and a seven-wood? I seem to fit the category.

GRAHAM BOLTON

Hempstead, Texas

● Among the pros that sell these clubs are Ben Hogan (The Ben Hogan Co., Pafford St., Fort Worth, Texas); Spencer Murphy (Glen Oaks Country Club, Little Neck, N.Y.) and Stan Thompson (Stan Thompson Golf Club Co., 275 South La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.)—ED.

OH HAPPY, HAPPY KNOLL

Sirs:

To hook a tuna from the sea,
To ride to hounds o'er the lea,
To trap a tiger in a far cuntry—

Nay, none of these appeal to me,
But a Happy Knoller would I be.

R. HARRINGTON

Boston

● To hook a shot right off the tee,
To ride electric vehicles wee,
To trap—in sand; so wishes he.

Such things we can provide for free—
A Happy Knoller he shall be.—ED.

I HOPE

Sirs:

As a member of the younger generation, I realize that the recent coming-out party for Alicia Bledsoe will add many obstacles to the granting of my request. But let's hope Mr. Bledsoe paid for the breakage and I get my card.

PETE KEIM

Sacramento, Calif.

● Anticipating Mr. Bledsoe's rescue of the good name of the younger set, Mr. Keim is Happy Knoll guest No. 364.—ED.

A PROTEST FROM HARD HOLLOW

Sirs:

As self-elected Chairman of the Membership Committee of the Hard Hollow Country Club, it is my duty to register a protest against the deplorable recruiting campaign which the Happy Knoll people are waging through your magazine.

From the beginning we at Hard Hollow have been embarrassed by this whole nasty business and we hoped it would die of itself if we simply ignored it. But now, with the Aug. 8 tally showing 68 new members for Happy Knoll (and Happy Knoll, let me assure you, is welcome to them), we feel it is time to set the record straight.

We at the Hollow have been aware of the Knoll's financial stress for some time now (in fact, it's a standing joke around here), but we never suspected it had reached such desperate extremes as to drive them

to solicit members through the pages of a national magazine. Considering the caliber of membership such a campaign must yield, it is small wonder indeed that gatherings on the order of Miss Bledsoe's party occur with appalling regularity at Happy Knoll. (Her father, you know, couldn't make it here at Hard Hollow. Nothing against him, of course, but there you are.)

As for Mr. Lawton's gross misrepresentations about the Hollow, I shall not dignify them with replies except to point out that the "unprofitable" hours he admits to having spent with several of our members probably had reference to the times he has unsuccessfully tried to solicit the advertising accounts of two of our members. His allegation that the Happy Knoll membership roster shows more bankers than Hard Hollow's is likewise unworthy of reply; I merely mention that three of their "bankers" are no more than suburban branch managers, and that two who hold midtown positions are only vice presidents.

We were shocked, as no doubt you were, at Mr. Lawton's reference to Cadillac counting. It shows just the sort of ostentatious (I shan't use the word "vulgar") display of recently acquired means they go in for there. In this connection, Mr. Lawton's letter conspicuously fails to mention that our parking lot at Hard Hollow not only is graced with two Jaguars, a Mercedes and a Rolls-Royce—but that we even have a member who is actually thinking of buying a Bentley!

I trust that this letter will dispose forevermore of the Knoll's shoddy recruiting campaign, and that write-in applications for membership in the Knoll will be handled according to established procedure in the future. And if you should receive any applications for membership in Hard Hollow, be so kind as to refer the names to me AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY.

ROBBY D. MOFFETT

Birmingham

● For a hopeful candidate, see next letter.—ED.

WE AIN'T LIKE THEM

Sirs:

Any fool can see by the letters you've been getting from them people that's trying to get in at Happy Knoll is illetrate and so me and the missus and kids wood like to get a family membership at Hard Hollow; both of us and even our kids aint like them people that cuts up good rags and pushes people in swimmin' pools and all that their kind of stuff if you get what I mean, so let us start the new trend to that real nice Hard Hollow and tri and Be a little bit more careful about the folks who you let in. don't worry about me, I can supply references if you need them.

TOM SAVAGE

Hutchinson, Minn.

● References should be sent to Mr. Moffett.—ED.

MY GOLFING (UGH) HUSBAND

Sirs:

Having read several of your recent applications for membership cards in Happy Knoll Country Club, I would like to apply for membership for my husband, Norman Fowler.

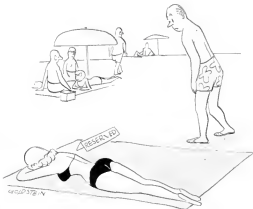
The primary reason for this urgent request is to solve several of our family problems. My husband, being a great golf enthusiast (ugh), spends most of his week-ends on various public golf courses.

He claims if he belonged to a private club he would not only get through playing sooner, but his score would be considerably lower, since he would not have to wait at each tee and watch the other players' mistakes, which he naturally adds to those he already makes.

Also, with this membership card, I certainly would not be able to complain of boredom since your entertainments at the Club sound most interesting. I am sure this club will be a blessing for many of us "golf widows."

MRS. NORMAN FOWLER

Los Angeles



DANIEL D. STROHMEIER



A year ago this month, Dan Strohmeier's 39-foot Concordia Yawl *Malay* lay heeled over in a swamp (left) at Nonquitt, Mass., her mast broken, rigging awry, engine ruined and portside stove in. *Malay* had slipped her mooring and been dashed over a causeway into the swamp by vicious winds and mountainous tides accompanying Hurricane Carol. Insurance investigators gave her up as a total loss, but Strohmeier, lifelong yachtsman and at 44 a vice president in charge of shipbuilding

for Bethlehem Steel company, determined to rebuild *Malay*, which he had skippered to victory in the 1954 Bermuda Race. Repairs cost more than his purchase price, but Strohmeier saw *Malay* emerge from the shipyard this spring good as new (right). To prove it, he entered her in the rugged Manchester, Mass. to Halifax race last month. Serving in his usual dual role of skipper and navigator, Strohmeier triumphed on corrected time to climax *Malay's* return to big-boat racing.



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